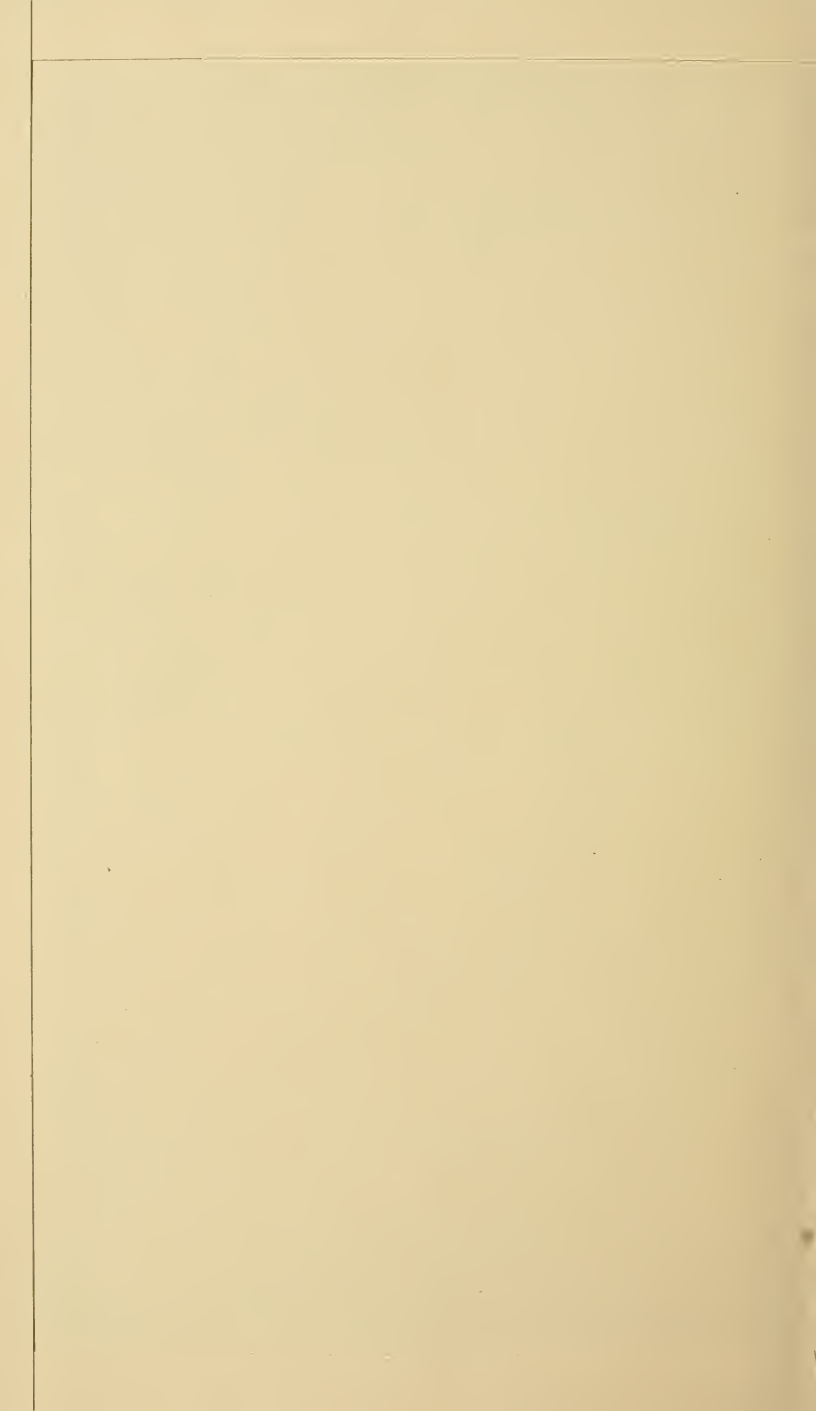


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*With Regards of J. Howard Gay.*

THE  
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY  
ALMANAC,  
FOR  
1847.

BEING THE THIRD YEAR AFTER BISSEXTILE, OR LEAP YEAR.

COMPRISING

The motions of the Sun and Moon, the true places and aspects of the PLANETS, rising and setting of the SUN, and the rising, setting, and mouthing of the MOON.—Also, the Lunations, Conjunctions, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Rising and Setting of the Planets, Length of Days and Nights, Time of High Water, &c. &c.

---

My heart is sad as I contemplate thee,  
Thou fettered victim of despotic sway ;  
Driven, like a senseless brute, from day to day,  
Though equal born, and as thy tyrants free.  
With hands together clasped imploringly,  
And face upturned to Heaven (Heaven shall repay) !  
For liberty and justice thou dost pray,  
In piteous accents and on bended knee,  
Thy exclamation, "AM I NOT A MAN?"  
A brother? "thrills my soul," I answer—Yes!  
Though placed beneath an ignominious ban,  
That thou art both, all shall at last confess!  
To rescue thee, incessantly I'll plan,  
And toil and plead thy injuries to redress.

W. L. GARRISON.

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New York:

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, 142 NASSAU ST. ;  
BOSTON, 25 CORNHILL ; PHILADELPHIA, 31 NORTH FIFTH ST. ;  
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE BUGLE, SALEM,  
COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.

## CUSTOMARY NOTES.

1. Venus (♀) will be Evening Star until October 3d, then Morning Star until July 23d, 1848.
2. The Moon will run highest, this year, about the 27th degree of (♊) Gemini, and lowest, about the 27th degree of (♑) Sagittarius.
3. Latitude of Herschel (♁) about 39' 30" south this year.
4. Longitude of the Moon's Ascending Node (♊) in the middle of this year, 0 signs, 14 degrees.
5. Mean obliquity of the Ecliptic, in the middle of this year, 23° 27' 33.1". True obliquity, same time, 23° 27' 23.6".

## EQUINOXES AND SOLSTICES.

	BOSTON.			WASHINGTON.			CHARLESTON.			NEW ORLEANS.		
	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
Vernal Equinox, March	21	0	49	21	0	25	21	0	13	20	11	33
Summer Solstice, June	21	9	35	21	9	11	21	8	59	21	8	19
Autumnal Eq., Sept.	23	11	38	23	11	14	23	11	2	23	10	22
Winter Solstice, Dec.	22	5	21	22	4	57	22	4	45	22	4	5

### CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Dominical Letter, .....	C
Golden Numbers, or Lunar Cycle, .....	5
Epact (Moon's age Jan. 1st), .....	14
Solar Cycle, .....	8
Roman Indiction, .....	5
Julian Period, .....	6560

### MOVEABLE FEASTS.

Easter Sunday, .....	April..... 4
Rogation Sunday, .....	May ..... 9
Ascension Day, .....	May .....13
Whitsunday (Pentecost), .....	May .....23
Trinity Sunday, .....	May .....39
Advent Sunday, .....	November 28

## ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1847.

There will be two Eclipses of the Sun, and two of the Moon this year.

I. There will be an Eclipse of the Moon at the time of her full on Wednesday, March 31st, in the afternoon, invisible in America. Visible in the eastern hemisphere. Magnitude, 3.43 digits on the Moon's northern limb.

II. There will be an Eclipse of the Sun on Thursday April 15th at the time of New Moon in the morning, invisible in America. Its chief visibility will be in the Indian Ocean, adjacent regions of the Southern Ocean, extending to 80° of south latitude. It will be visible, wholly or in part, at the Cape of Good Hope, Madagascar, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and the lesser neighboring Islands. It will be central and total on the meridian in long. 89° 58' east from Greenwich, and lat. 24° 30' south. This point is nearly opposite to the centre of the Gulf of Mexico.

III. There will be an Eclipse of the Moon on Friday, September 24th, at the time of Full Moon in the morning, invisible east of the Rocky Mountains in America. The beginning may be seen at California and in the Oregon Territory; and at Atusha, as likewise in Asia, the whole Eclipse will be visible. Magnitude, 5.04 digits on the Moon's southern limb. Duration, 2 hours, 13 minutes.

IV. There will be an Eclipse of the Sun on Saturday, the 9th of October, at the time of New Moon in the morning, invisible in America excepting the north eastern coast of Greenland, where the end may be seen shortly after the rising of the Sun. It will be visible in Europe, the greater part of Asia, and the northern part of Africa. It will be central and annular on the meridian in lat. 31° 22' north, and long. 47° 11' east from Greenwich.

This Eclipse will be annular in the south parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the north of France. The centre will pass very little south of Cape Clear, in Ireland, about 15 miles south of Exeter in England and about the like distance north of Havre in France; while the annular phase of the Eclipse will extend more than 100 miles on each side of the paths of the centre. Thus it will be annular at Limerick, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Kinsale in Ireland; at Kardigan and Swansea in South Wales; at Bristol, Greenwich, Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and other towns in the south of England; and at Calais, Boulogne, Havre, Honfleur, Caen and Cherbourg on the neighboring coast of France. Magnitude at Edinburgh, 9.95 digits on the Sun's southern limb; at Brest, 10.87 digits on the northern limb.

## RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters not exceeding half an ounce, under 300 miles, 5 cents; over 300 miles 10 cents; and the same added for each additional half ounce, or any part thereof. Drop letters for delivery at the same office 2 cents. Letters advertised 2 cents extra, or 4, if advertising costs so much.

Ship-Letters, delivered where received, 6 cents. Conveyed by mail, 2 cents added to usual postage.

Circulars printed or lithographed on letter or foolscap, unsealed, any distance 2 cents. Circulars larger than single cap, same as pamphlets.

Newspapers, published monthly or oftener, containing intelligence of passing events, and not exceeding 1,900 square inches, whether in one or two pieces of paper, under 30 miles if sent by the publishers, free; over 30 and not exceeding 100, or within the State, 1 cent; over 100 and out of the State, one and a half cents. If over 1,900 square inches, same as pamphlets.

Pamphlets, whether periodical or not, any distance, one ounce or less, each copy two and a half cents; each additional ounce one cent. Fractional excess less than half an ounce not counted. Newspapers and pamphlets must be folded with the end open.



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# Third Month.

MARCH, 1847.—Begins on Monday.

31 Days.

SUN ON MERID.									
D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.					
1	0	12	37	Full Moon.....					
7	0	11	17	New Moon.....					
13	0	9	43	First Quarter...					
19	0	7	50	Full Moon.....					
25	0	6	10						
MISCELLANEOUS.									
D.	Sun's dec	S. pl	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon	H. W	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon
M	W	dec	S	pl	Ris. <td>Sets<td>Sun Moon<td>H. W<td>Ris.</td></td></td></td>	Sets <td>Sun Moon<td>H. W<td>Ris.</td></td></td>	Sun Moon <td>H. W<td>Ris.</td></td>	H. W <td>Ris.</td>	Ris.
1	No	7	37	10	6	36	5	48	6
2	Tu	7	15	10	6	37	5	48	6
3	W	6	52	10	6	36	5	48	6
4	Th	6	50	9	6	35	5	50	6
5	Fr	6	6	8	6	35	5	50	6
6	Sat	5	42	11	6	32	5	53	9
7	G	5	19	11	6	30	5	54	9
8	Mo	4	56	11	6	28	5	55	10
9	Tu	4	32	4	6	25	5	57	10
10	W	4	9	4	6	23	5	57	10
11	Th	3	45	5	6	20	5	60	11
12	Fr	3	22	5	6	16	5	63	12
13	Sat	2	58	5	6	12	5	66	13
14	G	2	35	5	6	8	5	69	14
15	Mo	2	11	5	6	4	5	72	15
16	Tu	1	47	5	6	0	5	75	16
17	W	1	23	7	6	13	6	78	17
18	Th	1	0	7	6	16	6	81	18
19	Fr	0	36	8	6	19	6	84	19
20	Sat	0	12	8	6	22	6	87	20
21	G	0	11	8	6	25	6	90	21
22	Mo	0	35	8	6	28	6	93	22
23	Tu	0	50	8	6	31	6	96	23
24	W	1	22	8	6	34	6	99	24
25	Th	1	46	8	6	37	6	102	25
26	Fr	2	9	8	6	40	6	105	26
27	Sat	2	33	8	6	43	6	108	27
28	G	2	56	8	6	46	6	111	28
29	Mo	3	50	8	6	49	6	114	29
30	Tu	3	43	8	6	52	6	117	30
31	W	4	6	8	6	55	6	120	31

Boston, New Eng.									
D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.					
1	0	12	37	Full Moon.....					
7	0	11	17	New Moon.....					
13	0	9	43	First Quarter...					
19	0	7	50	Full Moon.....					
25	0	6	10						
MISCELLANEOUS.									
D.	Sun's dec	S. pl	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon	H. W	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon
M	W	dec	S	pl	Ris. <td>Sets<td>Sun Moon<td>H. W</td><td>Ris.</td></td></td>	Sets <td>Sun Moon<td>H. W</td><td>Ris.</td></td>	Sun Moon <td>H. W</td> <td>Ris.</td>	H. W	Ris.
1	No	7	37	10	6	36	5	48	6
2	Tu	7	15	10	6	37	5	48	6
3	W	6	52	10	6	36	5	48	6
4	Th	6	50	9	6	35	5	50	6
5	Fr	6	6	8	6	35	5	50	6
6	Sat	5	42	11	6	32	5	53	9
7	G	5	19	11	6	30	5	54	9
8	Mo	4	56	11	6	28	5	55	10
9	Tu	4	32	4	6	25	5	57	10
10	W	4	9	4	6	23	5	57	10
11	Th	3	45	5	6	20	5	60	11
12	Fr	3	22	5	6	16	5	63	12
13	Sat	2	58	5	6	12	5	66	13
14	G	2	35	5	6	8	5	69	14
15	Mo	2	11	5	6	4	5	72	15
16	Tu	1	47	5	6	0	5	75	16
17	W	1	23	7	6	13	6	78	17
18	Th	1	0	7	6	16	6	81	18
19	Fr	0	36	8	6	19	6	84	19
20	Sat	0	12	8	6	22	6	87	20
21	G	0	11	8	6	25	6	90	21
22	Mo	0	35	8	6	28	6	93	22
23	Tu	0	50	8	6	31	6	96	23
24	W	1	22	8	6	34	6	99	24
25	Th	1	46	8	6	37	6	102	25
26	Fr	2	9	8	6	40	6	105	26
27	Sat	2	33	8	6	43	6	108	27
28	G	2	56	8	6	46	6	111	28
29	Mo	3	50	8	6	49	6	114	29
30	Tu	3	43	8	6	52	6	117	30
31	W	4	6	8	6	55	6	120	31

N. Y. City, Conn.									
D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.					
1	0	12	37	Full Moon.....					
7	0	11	17	New Moon.....					
13	0	9	43	First Quarter...					
19	0	7	50	Full Moon.....					
25	0	6	10						
MISCELLANEOUS.									
D.	Sun's dec	S. pl	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon	H. W	Ris.	Sets	Sun Moon
M	W	dec	S	pl	Ris. <td>Sets<td>Sun Moon<td>H. W</td><td>Ris.</td></td></td>	Sets <td>Sun Moon<td>H. W</td><td>Ris.</td></td>	Sun Moon <td>H. W</td> <td>Ris.</td>	H. W	Ris.
1	No	7	37	10	6	36	5	48	6
2	Tu	7	15	10	6	37	5	48	6
3	W	6	52	10	6	36	5	48	6
4	Th	6	50	9	6	35	5	50	6
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5	Fr	6	6	8	6	35	5	50	6
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25	Th	1	46	8	6	37	6	102	25
26	Fr	2	9	8	6	40	6	105	26
27	Sat	2	33	8	6	43			

**Boston, New Eng.,** N. Y. City, Conn., Philadel., Penn., Washington City, Virg., Del., Md., & S. Car., Geo. Tenn., Ala., Miss., & Ark.

**St. David,** D. in apogee. Cold continues. 9 sets 7 26. D. C. Procyon south 8 35. 3d Sunday in Lent. More pleasant. Regulus son. 10 51. D. runs low. Unsettled. Martyr Gregory. H. discovered. 1781. 8's gr. elongation. Jackson born, 1767. D in perigee. St. Patrick. Look for snow. Procyon son. 7 44. or rain. enters ♀. D runs high. Cloudy and perhaps Qun. Elizabeth, d. 1693. Annu. B. V. M. rain or snow. Regulus south 9 41. Palm Sunday. D in apogee. Variable weather. Interior ♀ ☉ ♀

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## Fourth Month.

## APRIL, 1847.—Begins on Thursday.

30 Days.

SUN ON MERID.			Boston. New Eng.,			N. Y. City.			Penn.,			Philadel.			Washington City.			Charleston.			N. Orleans.
D. H. M. S.			N. Y. St., U. Canada,			New Jersey, Penn.,			Ohio, Ind., & Illinois.			N. Jersey, Ohio, Ind.,			Virgin., Del., Md.,			& S. Car., Geo. Tenn.,			Mobile,
1 0 4			Mich., Wisc., & Iowa.			ds 8 h. 10 m. 30 M.			ds 8 h. 10 m. 25 M.			ds 8 h. 10 m. 18 M.			ds 8 h. 10 m. 6 M.			ds 8 h. 10 m. 6 M.			ds 8 h. 9 m. 20 M.
7 0 2			15 1 38 M.			15 1 26 M.			15 1 21 M.			15 1 14 M.			15 1 2 M.			15 1 2 M.			15 0 22 M.
13 0 0			22 4 25 M.			22 4 13 M.			22 4 8 M.			22 4 4 M.			22 3 49 M.			22 3 49 M.			22 3 9 M.
19 Moming.			30 8 42 M.			30 8 30 M.			30 8 25 M.			30 8 20 M.			30 8 18 M.			30 8 6 M.			30 7 20 M.
25 11 57 54																					
D. D. Sun's D			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.			Sun Sun Moon H. W.
M W dec N pl			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.			Rises Sets H. M.
1 Th			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24			5 45 6 24
2 Fri			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25			5 43 6 25
3 Sat			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26			5 40 6 26
4 C			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28			5 38 6 28
5 Mo			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30			5 36 6 30
6 Tu			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32			5 34 6 32
7 W			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34			5 32 6 34
8 Th			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36			5 30 6 36
9 Fri			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38			5 28 6 38
10 Sat			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40			5 26 6 40
11 C			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42			5 24 6 42
12 Mo			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44			5 22 6 44
13 Tu			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46			5 20 6 46
14 W			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48			5 18 6 48
15 Th			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50			5 16 6 50
16 Fri			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52			5 14 6 52
17 Sat			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54			5 12 6 54
18 C			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56			5 10 6 56
19 Mo			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58			5 8 6 58
20 Tu			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60			5 6 6 60
21 W			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62			5 4 6 62
22 Th			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64			5 2 6 64
23 Fri			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66			5 0 6 66
24 C			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68			4 58 6 68
25 Mo			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70			4 56 6 70
26 Tu			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72			4 54 6 72
27 W			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74			4 52 6 74
28 Th			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76			4 50 6 76
29 Fri			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78			4 48 6 78
30 C			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80			4 46 6 80

## MOON'S PHASES.

Third Quarter...

New Moon.....

First Quarter...

Full Moon.....

## MISCELLANEOUS.

D. Q. Look for rain.

Jefferson b. 1743.

[Good Friday.

Easter Sun. 5 0 H.

Regulus sou. 9 5.

D runs low.

Cloudy and perhaps

Spica III sou. 0 14.

rain.

Regulus sou. 8 46.



**Fifth Month.**

**MAY, 1847.—Begins on Saturday.**

SUN ON MERID.									
D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.					
1	11	56	53	Third Quarter ..					
2	11	56	51	New Moon.....					
3	11	56	6	First Quarter...					
4	11	56	11	Full Moon.....					
5	11	56	35						
MISCELLANEOUS.									
D	Sun's P								
M	W	dece'n	d.						
1	Sat	15	22	11	Sis. Philip & James	4	56	57	8
2	C	15	30	7	4th Sun. alt. Easter	4	56	58	9
3	Mo	15	38	4	D runs low.	4	56	59	10
4	Th	15	58	4	D runs low.	4	56	59	10
5	W	16	13	13	Warm.	4	56	59	10
6	Th	16	30	13	Napoleon d. 1821.	4	56	59	10
7	Fri	16	46	13	49 L.	4	56	59	10
8	Sat	17	3	13	Very warm.	4	56	59	10
9	C	17	19	13	Spica 11.50. 10 12.	4	56	59	10
10	Mo	17	35	13	Rogation Sunday.	4	56	59	10
11	Th	17	51	13	Thunder.	4	56	59	10
12	W	18	6	13	D in perigee.	4	56	59	10
13	Th	18	21	13	A. T. S. anniv. D U	4	56	59	10
14	Fri	18	36	13	Ascension Day.	4	56	59	10
15	Sat	18	50	13	Shewers.	4	56	59	10
16	C	19	4	13	Arcturus sou. 10 36	4	56	59	10
17	Mo	19	18	13	Sun. alt. Ascension.	4	56	59	10
18	Th	19	31	13	Rev. in Venice 1797.	4	56	59	10
19	W	19	44	13	Heat increases.	4	56	59	10
20	Th	19	57	13	Dart day N.E. 1780.	4	56	59	10
21	Fri	20	9	13	Lafayette d. 1834.	4	56	59	10
22	Sat	20	21	13	enters II.	4	56	59	10
23	C	20	33	13	Spica 11.50. 9 17.	4	56	59	10
24	Mo	20	45	13	Whitsunday.	4	56	59	10
25	W	20	56	13	Q. Victoria b. 1819.	4	56	59	10
26	Th	21	6	13	D. Perhaps rain.	4	56	59	10
27	Fri	21	17	13	J. Calvin d. 1564.	4	56	59	10
28	Sat	21	26	13	Arcturus sou. 9 49.	4	56	59	10
29	C	21	36	13	Wm. Pitt b. 1759.	4	56	59	10
30	Mo	21	45	13	Putnam d. 1790.	4	56	59	10
31	Th	21	54	13	Trinity Sunday.	4	56	59	10
D runs low.									

Boston, New Eng.,									
N. Y. City.									
Penn.									
Washington City.									
Charleston, Tenn.									
N. Orleans.									
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**MOON'S PHASES.**

**N. Y. City. Conn.**

**Philadelphia. Penn.**

**Washington City.**

**Charleston. North**

**N. Orleans.**

**Boston. New Eng.**

**N. Y. City. Conn.**

**Philadelphia. Penn.**

**Washington City.**

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**Philadelphia. Penn.**

**Washington City.**

**Charleston. North**

**N. Orleans.**

## Sixth Month.

## JUNE, 1847.—Begins on Tuesday.

30 Days.

SUN ON MERID.				MOON'S PHASES.				BOSTON. New Eng., N. Y. City. Conn., N. Jersey, Penn., Ohio, Ind., & Iowa.				PHILADEL. N. Jersey, Ohio, Ind., Illinois, & Missouri.				WASHINGTON CITY. Virgin., Del., Md., Ken., Ill., & Miss.				CHARLESTON. North & S. Car., Geo. Tenn., Ala., Miss., & Ark.				N. Orleans. Mobile, Flor. & Texas.							
D	H.	M.	S.	Third Quarter ..	New Moon.....	First Quarter...	Full Moon.....	ds	h.	m.	E.	ds	h.	m.	E.	ds	h.	m.	E.	ds	h.	m.	E.	ds	h.	m.	E.	ds	h.	m.	E.
1	11	57	26	12	8	8	20	12	7	51	E.	12	7	44	E.	12	7	32	E.	12	6	52	E.	12	6	52	E.	12	6	52	E.
2	11	56	26	20	8	30	2	30	2	31	E.	20	2	24	E.	20	2	12	E.	20	1	32	E.	20	1	32	E.	20	1	32	E.
3	11	59	36	23	8	28	2	28	2	29	E.	23	2	15	M.	23	2	3	M.	23	2	3	M.	23	2	3	M.	23	2	3	M.
4	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
5	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
6	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
7	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
8	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
9	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
10	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
11	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
12	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
13	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
14	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
15	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
16	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
17	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
18	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
19	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
20	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
21	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
22	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
23	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
24	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
25	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
26	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
27	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
28	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
29	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.
30	11	59	36	25	8	27	2	27	2	28	E.	25	2	15	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.	25	2	3	M.



## Seventh Month.

**JULY, 1847.**—Begins on Thursday.

31 Days.

[illegible]



# Eighth Month.

## AUGUST, 1847.—Begins on Sunday.

### 31 Days.

SUN ON MERID.		MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON. New Eng., N.Y. St. U. Canada, Mich., Wis., & Iowa.		N. Y. City. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., Ohio, Ind., & Illinois.		PHILADEL. Penn., N. Jersey, Ohio, Ind., Ill., & Miss.		WASHINGTON CITY. Virgin., Del., Md., Ken., Ill., & Miss.		CHARLESTON. North & S. Car., Geo. Tenn., Flor., & Tex.		N. Orleans. Mobile, & Ariz.	
D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.	D.	H. M. S.
1	0	6	32	1	0	6	32	1	0	6	32	1	0	6	32
7	0	4	40	7	0	4	40	7	0	4	40	7	0	4	40
13	0	4	40	13	0	4	40	13	0	4	40	13	0	4	40
19	0	3	29	19	0	3	29	19	0	3	29	19	0	3	29
25	0	1	59	25	0	1	59	25	0	1	59	25	0	1	59
MISCELLANEOUS.															
1	5	7	10	1	5	7	10	1	5	7	10	1	5	7	10
2	Mo	17	30	2	Mo	17	30	2	Mo	17	30	2	Mo	17	30
3	Tu	17	30	3	Tu	17	30	3	Tu	17	30	3	Tu	17	30
4	W	17	19	4	W	17	19	4	W	17	19	4	W	17	19
5	Th	17	9	5	Th	17	9	5	Th	17	9	5	Th	17	9
6	Fri	16	46	6	Fri	16	46	6	Fri	16	46	6	Fri	16	46
7	Sat	16	30	7	Sat	16	30	7	Sat	16	30	7	Sat	16	30
8	C	16	13	8	C	16	13	8	C	16	13	8	C	16	13
9	Mo	15	56	9	Mo	15	56	9	Mo	15	56	9	Mo	15	56
10	Tu	15	38	10	Tu	15	38	10	Tu	15	38	10	Tu	15	38
11	W	15	20	11	W	15	20	11	W	15	20	11	W	15	20
12	Th	15	3	12	Th	15	3	12	Th	15	3	12	Th	15	3
13	Fri	14	44	13	Fri	14	44	13	Fri	14	44	13	Fri	14	44
14	Sat	14	26	14	Sat	14	26	14	Sat	14	26	14	Sat	14	26
15	C	14	7	15	C	14	7	15	C	14	7	15	C	14	7
16	Mo	13	49	16	Mo	13	49	16	Mo	13	49	16	Mo	13	49
17	Tu	13	30	17	Tu	13	30	17	Tu	13	30	17	Tu	13	30
18	W	13	10	18	W	13	10	18	W	13	10	18	W	13	10
19	Th	12	51	19	Th	12	51	19	Th	12	51	19	Th	12	51
20	Fri	12	31	20	Fri	12	31	20	Fri	12	31	20	Fri	12	31
21	Sat	12	11	21	Sat	12	11	21	Sat	12	11	21	Sat	12	11
22	C	11	51	22	C	11	51	22	C	11	51	22	C	11	51
23	Mo	11	31	23	Mo	11	31	23	Mo	11	31	23	Mo	11	31
24	Tu	11	11	24	Tu	11	11	24	Tu	11	11	24	Tu	11	11
25	W	10	50	25	W	10	50	25	W	10	50	25	W	10	50
26	Th	10	29	26	Th	10	29	26	Th	10	29	26	Th	10	29
27	Fri	10	8	27	Fri	10	8	27	Fri	10	8	27	Fri	10	8
28	Sat	19	47	28	Sat	19	47	28	Sat	19	47	28	Sat	19	47
29	C	9	26	29	C	9	26	29	C	9	26	29	C	9	26
30	Mo	9	5	30	Mo	9	5	30	Mo	9	5	30	Mo	9	5
31	Tu	8	43	31	Tu	8	43	31	Tu	8	43	31	Tu	8	43

**Fifth Month.**

**SEPTEMBER, 1847.**—Begins on Wednesday.

30 Days.

SUN ON MERID.									
MOON'S PHASES.									
D. H. M. S.									
1 Morning.									
7 11 58 0									
Third Quarter.									
New Moon									
13 11 56 56									
First Quarter									
19 11 53 50									
Full Moon									
25 11 51 44									
D. H. M. S.									
M W dec N p									
1 0 1									
1 W 8 21									
2 T Th 8 0									
3 Fr 7 38									
4 Sat 7 15									
5 C 6 53									
6 M 6 31									
7 Tu 6 9									
8 W 5 46									
9 Th 5 23									
10 Fr 5 10									
11 Sat 4 38									
12 C 4 15									
13 Mo 3 52									
14 Tu 3 29									
15 W 3 6									
16 Th 2 43									
17 Fr 2 20									
18 Sat 1 56									
19 C 1 33									
20 Mo 1 10									
21 Tu 0 46									
22 W N									
23 Th 0									
24 Fr S									
25 Sat 0									
26 C 1 11									
27 Tu 1 34									
28 W 1 57									
29 Th 2 21									
30 Th 2 44									
MISCELLANEOUS.									
δ south 4 1.									
8 0 1. Quite cool									
D runs high.									
Alair sun. 8 49.									
14th Sun. alt. 17m.									
Lafayette b. 1757.									
Hun. More d. 1833.									
8 W 5 46									
9 Th 5 23									
10 Fr 5 10									
11 Sat 4 38									
12 C 4 15									
13 Mo 3 52									
14 Tu 3 29									
15 W 3 6									
16 Th 2 43									
17 Fr 2 20									
18 Sat 1 56									
19 C 1 33									
20 Mo 1 10									
21 Tu 0 46									
22 W N									
23 Th 0									
24 Fr S									
25 Sat 0									
26 C 1 11									
27 Tu 1 34									
28 W 1 57									
29 Th 2 21									
30 Th 2 44									
Boston. New Eng.									
N. Y. City. Conn.									
N. Y. City. Penn.									
Philadelphia. Penn.									
Washington City.									
Charleston. North									
N. Orleans.									
Mobile.									
Flor. & Tex.									



[illegible]



## Eleventh Month.

**NOVEMBER, 1847.—Begins on Monday.**

## 30 Days.

[illegible]

## Twelfth Month.

## DECEMBER, 1847.—Begins on Wednesday.

31 Days.

SUN ON MERID.			MOON'S PHASES.			BOSTON.			N. Y. CITY.			PHILADEL.			WASHINGTON CITY.			CHARLESTON.			N. ORLEANS.		
D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.	SUN ON MERID.	N. Y. ST.	U. CANADA.	NEW ENGL.	N. Y. CITY.	CONN.	PHILADEL.	WASH. D. C.	CHARLESTON.	N. ORLEANS.	D.	H.	M.	S.	MOON'S PHASES.	SUN ON MERID.	N. Y. ST.	U. CANADA.	NEW ENGL.
1	11	49	11			7	13	4	7	13	4	7	13	4									
1	11	49	11	New Moon.....	7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 12	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
2	11	51	38	First Quarter...	7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 13	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
3	11	51	38	Full Moon.....	7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 14	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
4	11	54	22	Third Quarter..	7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 15	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
5	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 16	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
6	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 17	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
7	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 18	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
8	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 19	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
9	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 20	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
10	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 21	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
11	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 22	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
12	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 23	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
13	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 24	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
14	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 25	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
15	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 26	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
16	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 27	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
17	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 28	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
18	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 29	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
19	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 30	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
20	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 31	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
21	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 32	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
22	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 33	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
23	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 34	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
24	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 35	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
25	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 36	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
26	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 37	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
27	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 38	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
28	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 39	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
29	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 40	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
30	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 41	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17
31	11	57	17		7 h. 3 m. 47 E.	7 42	4 26	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17	7 4 31	1 3	6 17



## IMMEDIATE ABOLITION.

BY W. L. GARRISON.

Since the deception practised upon our first parents by the old serpent, there has not been a more fatal delusion in the minds of men, than that of the gradual abolition of slavery. *Gradual Abolition!* Do its supporters really know what they talk about? Gradually abstaining from what? From sins the most flagrant, from conduct the most cruel, from actions the most oppressive! There is not a clergyman of any denomination, who would not be instantly ousted from his pulpit, were he to inculcate such advice. Do our gradualists mean that slave-dealers shall sell or purchase a few victims less this year than they did the last? that slave-owners shall liberate one, two, or three out of every hundred slaves during the same period? that slave-drivers shall apply the lash to the scarred and bleeding backs of their victims somewhat less frequently? Surely not. I respect their intelligence too much to believe that they mean any such thing. But if any of the slaves should be exempted from sale or purchase, why not all? if justice requires the liberation of the few, why not of the many? if it be right for a driver to inflict a number of lashes, how many shall be given? Do gradualists mean that the practice of separating the husband from the wife, the wife from the husband, or children from their parents, shall come to an end by an almost imperceptible process? or that the slaves shall be defrauded of their just remuneration, less and less every month or every year? or that they shall be under the absolute irresponsible control of their masters? Oh no! I place a higher value upon their good sense and morality than this. Well, then, they would immediately break up the slave traffic—they would put aside the whip—they would have the marriage relations preserved inviolate—they would not separate families—they would not steal the wages of the slaves, nor deprive them of personal liberty. This is abolition—*immediate abolition*. It is simply declaring that slave owners are bound to fulfil, now, without any reluctance or delay, the golden rule, namely: to do as they would be done by; and that, as the right to be free is inherent and inalienable in the slaves, there ought now to be a disposition on the part of the people to break their fetters. All the horrid spectres which are conjured up, on this subject, arise from a confusion of the brain, as much as from a corruption of the heart.

I hold this truth to be self-evident, that no transfer, or inheritance, or purchase, or sale, of stolen property, can convert it into just possession, or destroy the claim of its original owner, the maxim being universally conceded to be just, that the receiver is as bad as the thief. I utterly reject, as delusive and dangerous in the extreme, every plea which justifies a procrastinated and indefinite emancipation, or which concedes to a slave owner the right to hold his slaves as *property* for any limited period, or which contends for the gradual preparation of the slaves for freedom; believing all such pretexts to be a fatal departure from the high road of justice into the bogs of expediency, a surrender of the great principles of truth, an indefensible prolongation of the curse of slavery, a concession which places the guilt upon any but those who incur it, and directly calculated to perpetuate the thralldom of our species. (*Liberator*, 1832.)

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## THE DOMESTIC SLAVE TRADE.

By the laws of the U. States, if a citizen of this government is convicted of being engaged in the Foreign Slave Trade he is hung as a pirate. Let us see what sort of a trade that is which a man must be engaged in as a necessary qualification to the presidency of this enlightened country.

And first as to its extent. Between the years 1817, and 1837, a period of twenty years, 300,000 slaves were taken from Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, to the Southern market, according to the statement of the Rev. Dr. Graham, of North Carolina; and in 1835 it was estimated by the most intelligent men of Virginia, that 120,000 slaves were exported from that State during the preceding twelve months. About two-thirds of these accompanied their owners, who removed; the remaining one-third were sold at an average of \$600 each, amounting to \$24,000,000, which the domestic Slave-Trade poured into Virginia in one year. In 1836, says the Maryville (Tenn.) Intelligencer, "60,000 slaves passed through a little western town on their way to the Southern market, and in the same year four States imported 200,000 slaves from the North." In 1837, a committee appointed by the citizens of Mobile, Alabama, to inquire into the causes of pecuniary distress then prevalent, reported that between the years 1833 and 1837, Alabama alone imported from the Northern slave States, \$10,000,000 worth of slaves annually, ammounting to \$40,000,000 in four years.

This gives us a fair idea of the extent to which the domestic trade in men, women, and children is carried on. Our masters have just annexed to the United States a territory half a dozen times as large as New York, for the express purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery, and this has given the trade a new impetus. The price of slaves rose at once in the slave-trading states the moment it was known the annexation bill was passed. We are now at war with Mexico, to add still more territory to the accursed Union, and extend the "peculiar institution" still farther south, and among a people who years ago abolished it.

Now what is the character of this trade? We will not give any testimony of abolitionists, though well enough authenticated evidence as to its shocking cruelty might be adduced to fill a volume. We prefer the southerners themselves as witnesses, and their testimony shall be recent.

Niles' Register, published at Baltimore, vol. 35, p. 4, states that "dealing in slaves has become a large business—establishments are made in several places in Maryland and Virginia, at *which they are sold like cattle*. These places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with thumb-screws and gags, and ornamented with cow-skins and other whips, *oftentimes bloody!*"

The Maryville, (Tenn.) Intelligencer, of October 4th, 1835, speaking of these droves of human cattle, remarks: "That they are driven with heavy galling chains riveted upon their persons, their backs lacerated with the knotted whip, travelling to a region where their condition throughout time will be second only to the wretched creatures in hell; this depicting is not visionary, would to God it was."

The New Orleans Courier, of February 15, 1845, says, "We think it would require *some casuistry* to show, that the present Slave-Trade in Virginia is a whit better than the one from Africa."

"The Presbyterian Synod of Kentucky, in 1835, in an address to the churches under its care, says: "Brothers and sisters, parents and children, husbands and wives, are separated, and *permitted to see each other no more*. These acts are *daily* occurring in the midst of us. The shrieks and agony *often witnessed* on such occasions, proclaim with a trumpet-tongue the *iniquity* of our system. There is not a *neighborhood* where these heart-rending scenes are not displayed. There is not a *village or road* that does not behold the sad procession of manacled outcasts, whose mournful countenances tell that they are exiled *by force* from all that their hearts hold dear."

Remember now the thousands who according to the calculations of the Southerners themselves are annually bartered and sold, and remember the condition which Southerners also declare to be that of these thousands, and our readers can form some idea of the Domestic Slave Trade of the United States.

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### FREE SUFFRAGE.

"Ain't thee going to vote for giving the Right of Suffrage to the colored people," said a young Friend to one of the progressive Democrats of this city, about the time of the Convention election."

"Damn the Niggers! No," replied the advocate of principles which Secretary Bancroft calls "practical Christianity."

"But why not. Don't thee believe that ALL men are born free and equal? Is'nt that thy creed?"

"To be sure it is. That's in our glorious Declaration of Independence. But it don't say nothing about niggers. They hav'nt got the nat'el right, and besides they do'nt know enough."

"Well, Friend, there's a letter in this morning's Tribune from one of them niggers, as thee calls them, which I wish thee would read. And I should like to know what thee thinks of it sometime."

The letter he referred to was one from Frederick Douglass, written to the Liberator and re-published in the Tribune. The next day the two happened to meet again.

"Well Friend, has thee read that letter?" said the Quaker.

"I rather guess I have," replied the other.

"And what does thee think of it?"

"Well, it's what I call a pretty damned smart letter."

"I think," said the Friend, "that I should'nt be afraid to offer thee Fifty Dollars to find a democrat in our ward, who could write a better."

"I should'nt take you up," said the other.

"I hope then thee's changed thy mind, and means to vote for the colored suffrage, in spite of party."

"I don't know about that, it won't do to go agin the party."

"What, not if the party's wrong?"

"Well, you see party is party, and it don't do to go agin it, if you mean to keep it a party." "But look here, neighbor, I'll tell you what it is, if I can't vote to let the niggers go to the polls, if Fred Douglass was here, and was up for anything, I tell you what, I'd vote for that nigger!"

## MORAL AND POLITICAL POWER.

"What do you expect to accomplish," says my neighbor Joab, "with your moral power, moral suasion, or whatever else you call it? Do you expect to put down intemperance, free the slaves, suppress crime, and set the whole world in order, by writing printing, preaching, singing, talking, setting good examples, disfellowshipping evil-doers, and such like?" Why not, neighbor Joab? "Because it is of no use. Those things are necessary in their place, but what are they good for without political power? We must go the *Ballot-box*, the *Jury-box*, the *Criminal's box*, and, if needs be, to the *Cartridge-box*. These are the things to do up the work. I have no faith in this non-voting, non-prosecuting, non-punishing, all-talk-and-do-nothing theory. Mankind must be candidly and kindly told what their duty is, and if they will not do it, they must be *made* to do it. That is my doctrine."

Neighbor Joab is a great believer in human government. He goes for political and legal coercion. He worships political power. Moral power is of little account with him. He does not absolutely despise it, but it seems to him good for nothing without political power. In this he is not singular; the multitude think and feel just so. Let us try to enlighten them. Neighbor Joab, moral power is as much superior to political power, as the sun is to the moon. You see things inverted. Moral power is as ancient as God, and as vast as the universe. Political power is certainly not older than human governments, nor more extensive. Political power is just that power which a nation, state, or body politic exercises when it *compels* men to obey its requirements by an *application*, or, at least, a *threat of physical coercion*. This narrows down political power to a mere line. But moral power comprehends every description of power, which (without applying or threatening physical coercion) tends to determine the will, conduct, and character of rational beings. Moral power is, therefore, eternal, universal, omnipresent, and almost omnipotent. Political power could not exist but by favor of moral power. It can do nothing without the preparative and sustaining influence of moral power. It claims the credit of much that moral power has done at its own expense. Nine-tenths of the best things done in the name and to the credit of the government, have been originated and matured by moral power. Moral power does all the *persuading*; political power only the *driving*. Political power makes war, trains the militia, punishes criminals, and uses up the people's money—earning less and demanding better pay than almost any other agency in the conduct of human affairs. Moral power works out the most complex, difficult, and mighty results by long years of unpaid and unthanked toil. It accomplishes everything for nothing. The ministers of moral power are the world's most self sacrificing servants, and are often worn up and left to starve, while the ministers of political power waste enough in luxury to feed and clothe twice their number.

Neighbor Joab, please tell us whether women exert any political influence on human affairs! Yet they have no political power. Please tell us whether persons under age, and the multitudes of men who are excluded from the ballot-box, exert any influence! Tell us whether education, religion, and ten thousand elements of moral power, exert any control over the condition of mankind? Tell us whether Jesus Christ, his apostles and primitive followers for the



first two or three centuries, when they were continually persecuted by political power, accomplished anything? Tell us whether political power discovered the art of printing, brought to light the new Western World, gave us the steam engine, &c., &c. Tell us whether political power originated, and sustained in their infancy, the Temperance Reform, the Anti-Slavery Cause, &c. Tell us what great and glorious improvement political power ever originated or even patronized till after it could live by the favor of public opinion. In fine, tell us what great things have been, or can be done, by the ballot-box, the jury-box, the criminal's box, or the cartridge-box, without and against public opinion? Political power is controlled by public opinion, and public opinion is the creature of moral power. Therefore, when wise and good men wish to control political power without touching it, they have only to exert their united energies in the use of moral power for the creation of a right public opinion, this will turn political power which way they will, as the wind controls the weathercock. *They govern the world who govern public opinion.*

But says my neighbor Joab, "why should not wise and good men use political as well as moral power in a good cause?" *They may*, when they can do it without *sin*. If the *end*, the *means*, and the *spirit* are all good, they may use political power. But if the *end* is bad, or the *means* bad, or the *spirit* of action bad, they must not defile themselves. *They need not*, and *they must not*. All the good they seek is otherwise attainable without evil. They must not do evil that good may come. They must "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove therein." This is the law for wise and good men.

Now for the improvement. If the Constitution of the American Union tolerates, sanctions, and sustains slavery; if it forbade the nation to abolish the slave-trade for a certain number of years; if it gave slaveholders greater weight than others in the Electoral and Legislative branches of government, proportionate to the number of their unfortunate victims; if it bound the whole people to deliver up fugitive slaves to their claimants; if it pledged to the slaveholders military assistance to keep their slaves in subjection; if all this has been, and still is, the practice under this government; and if every man who makes himself a voter, necessarily assumes the covenant and obligations of a citizen to support the Constitution, or if the candidate he votes for *must* swear to support it; then can no man who truly abhors slaveholding as a *sin* under *all circumstances* innocently accept office, or assist in electing any other person to office under the Federal government. Political power, under such a Constitution and such a government, is power exercised to hold millions of slaves by brute force, in a "bondage, a moment of which, is worse than whole ages" of that which the revolutionary founders of this nation rose in rebellion to resist. Whoever abhors slave-stealing from principle, must abhor slave-trading, slave-holding, and slave-breeding, together with governmental slave-watching, slave-threatening, slave-keeping, and slave-crushing. It is all of a piece from beginning to end. A man who means to keep his slaves in bondage and to take part only with their masters, is in principle no better than the masters, who are in principle no better than the first man-stealers, who, according to the divine law, are in principle no better than murderers.

If neighbor Joab, or any other man, professes to abhor slaveholding with all his heart, does not abhor a compact which holds three millions of human beings under the power of oppression, let him suspect that he deceives himself. Let him know that he assassinates his anti-slavery principles by a voluntary union and participation in such a government with slaveholders. And if, through any unaccountable idolatry of political power, he continues this political union with slave-holders, let him know that he is fighting against humanity and against God, only to involve himself in the "plagues" and overthrow of that great Babylon from which it is the mandate of heaven, and his first duty, to "COME OUT" forth with and for ever.

ADIN BALLOU.

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### I'VE NO INFLUENCE.

What if the little rain should say,  
"So small a drop as I,  
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,  
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam of noon  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its feeble light alone,  
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form  
The cool, refreshing showers,  
And every ray of light, to warm  
And beautify the flowers?

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THE New York Tribune, of a few months since, gives the following extract from a private letter to a gentleman in this city. The fact had been mentioned in a previous letter, but one of the gentlemen here expressing some doubt about it, these further particulars were given:

"You state that you have your doubts about the killing of the negro slave. I will give you the facts as I have heard them: A person named Herb came home on Christmas morning at about two o'clock, and, on entering the house (he being intoxicated at the time), called for his private slave 'Fortune,' who had been ordered to sit up and wait till his master came home. He, however, had fallen asleep on the table, and the master was let in by another slave. The master inquired for 'Fortune,' and, on being told where he was, immediately rushed into the room and stabbed him with a bowie knife three or four times, and afterward dragged him off the table and kicked him. The house was by this time aroused and the negro picked up by one of his fellow slaves, who told his master that 'Fortune' was dying. Herb then went for a doctor, but before he arrived the slave was a corpse. As Mr. Herb was sorry for what he had done, as his going for a doctor proved, and the slave was his own private property, *nothing was done to him—it was not even mentioned in the public papers.* As to the truth of the story—I was not a witness to the killing, but I believe the story nevertheless; having heard it from respectable and responsible persons."

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No! as a laborer, I plead not for the poor; but I do mourn that the lamp of his soul should go out—that no bright visions should visit him; and that his mind through the whole of life should be filled with two great spectres—fear and indignation. Oh! that one man should die ignorant, who had a capacity for knowledge, should make us all weep!—*Carlyle.*

## THE "CONNECTING LINK."

When men cannot meet the arguments of abolitionists in favor of *immediate and unconditional emancipation*, they resort to abuse. Appealing to the vulgar prejudice against colored people, they declare that the negro is only the "connecting link between man and the monkey." Even were there any physiological truth in this ridiculous position, it would by no means follow that there were any moral truth in it. Nobody pretends that a white man has not a full right to the fruits of his own labor and to the rights of a husband and father; to the privilege of gaining his own subsistence, and the power of fulfilling the common duties of a good citizen, because he may not possess the faculty of being a good Latin and Greek scholar, a good chemist, a good painter or sculptor. A large proportion of the white people of this country can neither read nor write; Calhoun and Mc'Duffie don't therefore make slaves of them. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If a white man's right to freedom may not be infringed upon, though he be not intelligent; neither should a black man be deprived of his liberty, because some white man happens to know more than he does. To maintain the contrary is to uphold the old doctrine of all tyrants, that the people are only fit to be governed by a few self-elected rulers.

Give the negro a chance and he will prove that he has intelligence enough to be a freeman, and can take better care of himself than he does now when he has to support both himself and his master.

Here is a letter from one of those "links," which was published a few months since in the Boston Liberator. The writer, some six or seven years ago, was hoeing corn on a southern plantation. He thought he could take care of himself and so ran away. For five years past he has been lecturing on American Slavery, and is now traveling in Great Britain for that purpose, as an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He gains universal admiration for his eloquence, and universal respect for his unblemished character. He has written a narrative of his own life while a slave, and if any white man believes him a "link" between himself and the monkey, he had better read it, to improve his knowledge of this branch of natural history.

LETTERS FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

VICTORIA HOTEL, BELFAST, }  
January 1st, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

I am now about to take leave of the Emerald Isle, for Glasgow, Scotland. I have been here a little more than four months. Up to this time, I have given no direct expression of the views, feelings, and opinions which I have formed respecting the character and condition of the people of this land. I have refrained thus purposely. I wish to speak advisedly, and in order to do this, I have waited till I trust experience has brought my opinions to an intelligent maturity. I have been thus careful, not because I think what I may say will have much effect in shaping the opinion of the world, but because whatever of influence I may possess, whether little or much, I wish it to go in the right direction, and according to truth. I hardly need say, that, in speaking of Ireland, I shall be influenced by no prejudices in favor of America. I think my circumstances all forbid



that. I have no end to serve, no creed to uphold, no government to defend; and as a nation I belong to none. I have no protection at home, or resting-place abroad. The land of my birth welcomes me to her shores only as a slave, and spurns with contempt the idea of treating me differently. So that I am an outcast from the society of my childhood, and an outlaw from the land of my birth. "I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." That men should be patriotic is to me perfectly natural; and as a philosophical fact, I am able to give it an *intellectual* recognition. But no further can I go. If ever I had any patriotism, or any capacity for the feeling, it was whipt out of me long since by the lash of the American soul-drivers.

In thinking of America, I sometimes find myself admiring her bright blue sky—her grand old woods—her fertile fields—her beautiful rivers—her mighty lakes, and star-crowned mountains. But my rapture is soon checked, my joy is soon turned into mourning. When I remember that all is cursed with the infernal spirit of slaveholding, robbery and wrong,—when I remember that with the waters of her noblest rivers, the tears of my brethren are borne to the ocean, disregarded and forgotten, and that her most fertile fields drink daily of the warm blood of my outraged sisters, I am filled with unutterable loathing, and led to reproach myself that anything could fall from my lips in praise of such a land. America will not allow her children to love her. She seems bent on compelling those who would be her warmest friends, to be her worst enemies. May God give her repentance before it is too late, is the ardent prayer of my heart. I will continue to pray, labor and wait, believing that she cannot always be insensible to the dictates of justice, or deaf to the voice of humanity.

My opportunities for learning the character and condition of the people of this land have been very great. I have travelled almost from the hill of "Howth," to the Giant's Causeway, and from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. During these travels, I have met with much in the character and condition of the people to approve, and much to condemn—much that has thrilled me with pleasure—and very much that has filled me with pain. I will not in this letter, attempt to give any description of those scenes which have given me pain. This I will do hereafter. I have enough, and more than your subscribers will be disposed to read at one time, of the bright side of the picture. I can truly say, I have spent some of the happiest moments of my life since landing in this country. I seem to have undergone a transformation. I live a new life. The warm and generous co-operation extended to me by the friends of my despised race—the prompt and liberal manner in which the press has rendered me its aid—the glorious enthusiasm with which thousands have flocked to hear the cruel wrongs of my down-trodden and long-enslaved fellow-countrymen portrayed—the deep sympathy for the slave, and the strong abhorrence of the slaveholder, everywhere evinced—the cordiality with which members and ministers of various religious bodies, and of various shades of religious opinion, have embraced me, and lent me their aid—the kind hospitality constantly proffered to me by persons of the highest rank in society—the spirit of freedom that seems to animate all with whom I come in contact—and the entire absence of everything that looked like prejudice against me, on account of the color of my skin—contrasted so strongly with my long and bitter experience in the United States, that

I look with wonder and amazement on the transition. In the Southern part of the United States, I was a slave, thought of, spoken of, as property. In the language of the LAW, "*held, taken, reputed and adjudged to be a chattel in the hands of my owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.*"—BREV. DIGEST, 224. In the Northern States, a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted at any moment like a felon, and to be hurled into the terrible jaws of slavery—doomed by an inveterate prejudice against color to insult and outrage on every hand, (Massachusetts out of the question)—denied the privileges and courtesies common to others in the use of the most humble means of conveyance—shut out from the cabins on steamboats—refused admission to respectable hotels—caricatured, scorned, scoffed, mocked and maltreated with impunity by any one, (no matter how black his heart,) so he has a white skin. But now behold the change! Eleven days and a half gone, and I have crossed three thousand miles of the perilous deep. Instead of a democratic government, I am under a monarchical government. Instead of the bright blue sky of America, I am covered with the soft grey fog of the Emerald Isle. I breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man. I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as his slave, or offer me an insult. I employ a cab—I am seated beside white people—I reach the hotel—I enter the same door—I am shown into the same parlor—I dine at the same table—and no one is offended. No delicate nose grows deformed in my presence. I find no difficulty here in obtaining admission into any place of worship, instruction or amusement, on equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people. When I go to church, I am met by no upturned nose and scornful lip to tell me, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*"

I remember, about two years ago, there was in Boston, near the southwest corner of Boston Common, a menagerie. I had long desired to see such a collection as I understood was being exhibited there. Never having had an opportunity while a slave, I resolved to seize this, my first, since my escape. I went, and as I approached the entrance to gain admission, I was met and told by the door-keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "*We don't allow niggers in here.*" I also remember attending a revival meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house, at New-Bedford, and going up the broad aisle to find a seat. I was met by a good deacon, who told me, in a pious tone, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*" Soon after my arrival in New Bedford from the South, I had a strong desire to attend the Lyceum, but was told, "*They don't allow niggers in here!*" While passing from New York to Boston on the steamer Massachusetts, on the night of 9th December, 1843, when chilled almost through with the cold, I went into the cabin to get a little warm. I was soon touched upon the shoulder, and told, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*" On arriving in Boston from an anti-slavery tour, hungry and tired, I went into an eating-house near my friend Campbell's, to get some refreshments. I was met by a lad in a white apron, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*" A week or two before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed at Weymouth, the home of that glorious band of true abolitionists, the Weston family, and others. On at-



tempting to take a seat in the Omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver, (and I never shall forget his fiendish hate,) "*I don't allow niggers in here!*" Thank heaven for the respite I now enjoy! I had been in Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great respectability kindly offered to conduct me through all the public buildings of that beautiful city; and a little afterwards, I found myself dining with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. What a pity there was not some American democratic Christian at the door of his splendid mansion, to bark out at my approach, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*" The truth is, the people here know nothing of the republican negro hate prevalent in our glorious land. They measure and esteem men according to their moral and intellectual worth, and not according to the color of their skin. Whatever may be said of the aristocracies here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This species of aristocracy belongs pre-eminently to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." I have never found it abroad in any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it almost as hard to get rid of it as to get rid of their skins.

The second day after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my friend Buffum, and several other friends, I went to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most splendid buildings in England. On approaching the door, I found several of our American passengers, who came with us in the Cambria, waiting at the door for admission, as but one party was allowed in the house at a time. We all had to wait till the company within came out. And of all the faces, expressive of chagrin, those of the Americans were pre-eminent. They looked as sour as vinegar, and bitter as gall, when they found I was to be admitted on equal terms with themselves. When the door was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with my white fellow-citizens, and from all I could see, I had as much attention paid me by the servants that showed us through the house, as any with a paler skin. As I walked through the building, the statuary did not fall down, the pictures did not leap from their places, the doors did not refuse to open, and the servants did not say, "*We don't allow niggers in here!*"

A happy New Year to you and all the friends of freedom.

Excuse this imperfect scrawl, and believe me to be ever and  
always yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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Here are two little poems worth reading. They are taken from a volume which was published in Raleigh, N. C. in 1829, and re-published again in Philadelphia in 1837. The writer is, or was a *slave*, at the time the volume was issued, who has no other name than George. He is called the *property* of one James Horton, Chatham County, N. C. The first edition of his poems was published to raise money to purchase George, and send him to Liberia, as his emancipation would not be consented to on any other terms than his banishment. The writer of the preface says:—

"He had ever been a faithful, honest and industrious slave; that his heart had felt deeply and sensitively in this lowest possible condition of human nature, would easily be believed, and was impressively confirmed by one of his stanzas:

"Come melting pity from afar,  
And break this vast enormous bar  
Between a wretch and thee;

Purchase a few short days of time,  
And bid a vassal soar sublime  
On wings of liberty."

On the publication of the second edition, George was still a slave. It is such men as he and Frederick Douglass who are declared to be the "connecting link," and unable "to take care of themselves." Reader, what do you think of it?

#### ON THE DEATH OF REBECCA.

"Thou delicate blossom! thy short race is ended,  
Thou sample of virtue and prize of the brave!  
No more are thy beauties by mortals attended,  
They are now but food for the worms and the grave.

Thou art gone to the tomb, whence there's no returning  
And left us behind in a vale of suspense;  
In vain to the dust do we follow thee mourning,  
The same doleful trump will soon call us all hence.

I view thee now launched on eternity's ocean,  
Thy soul how it smiles as it floats on the wave;  
It smiles as if filled with the softest emotion,  
But looks not behind on the frowns of the grave.

The messenger came from afar to relieve thee—  
In this lonesome valley no more shalt thou roam;  
Bright Seraphs now stand on the banks to receive thee,  
And cry, 'Happy stranger, thou art welcome at home.'

Thou art gone to a feast, while thy friends are bewailing,  
Oh, death is a song to the poor ransom'd slave;  
Away with bright visions the spirit goes sailing,  
And leaves the frail body to rest in the grave.

Rebecca is free from the pains of oppression,  
No friends could prevail on her longer to stay;  
She smiles on the fields of eternal fruition,  
Whilst death like a bridegroom attends her away.

She is gone in the whirlwind—ye seraphs attend her,  
Through Jordan's cold torrent her mantle may lave;  
She soars in the chariot, and earth falls beneath her,  
Resign'd in a shroud to a peaceable grave."

#### THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT.

"Am I sadly cast aside  
On misfortune's rugged tide?  
Will the world my pains deride  
Forever?

Must I dwell in slavery's night  
And all pleasure take its flight  
Far beyond my feeble sight  
Forever?

Worst of all, must hope grow dim  
And withhold her cheering beam?  
Rather let me sleep and dream  
Forever?

And when this transient life shall end  
Oh may some kind eternal friend  
Bid me from servitude ascend  
Forever.

Something still my heart surveys  
Groping through this dreary maze;  
Is it hope? then burn and blaze  
Forever.

Leave me not a wretch confined,  
Altogether lame and blind,  
Unto gross despair consigned  
Forever.

Heaven! in whom can I confide?  
Canst thou not for all provide?  
Condescend to be my guide  
Forever.



## THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION."

The Southerners are very proud of calling the system of Slavery the "Peculiar Institution." Thank Heaven it is peculiar to them. We trust the Northerners will never desire to share in their pride, and that the day is not far distant when the southerners themselves will count it as their shame. Its *peculiarity* consists in this,—that it outrages every precept of Christianity, tramples under foot all the rights of man, and disregards all the dictates of humanity. It is a system of murder, robbery, and lust. There is no crime which man can perpetrate against his brother man that is not included in its terrible catalogue. Nor is this true as regards the slave only. The master is no less the victim, though in a different way, of the social system with which he is surrounded. Bred in the spirit of violence and tyranny towards his menials, he exercises them towards his equals, and the bowie-knife and pistol are his first argument and last resort.

We might fill hundreds of volumes with facts that cannot be gainsaid as to the *peculiarities* of the Southern Institution. We give a few taken at random from the publications of the last year or two. They are not the most atrocious, and they are but a very small part of the multitude that lie ready to our hands; but they are all we have room for, and enough to convince any candid mind that a system which can have such features is all that we have said of it.

It is proper to remark that nearly all this evidence comes from sources not professedly anti-Slavery in our sense of that term.

The following is cut from a St. Louis paper, in which it appears as an advertisement.

"LOST CHILD.—Came to the brick house, corner of Third and Elm streets, about nine o'clock, night before last, a black female CHILD, about seven or eight years of age. That its anxious and *humane* owner may find it, I describe it—a good-looking child, marked and branded on its head, face, nose, ears, lips, chin, neck, breast, back, sides, shoulders, arms, hands and fingers, hips, thighs, knees, legs, ancles, feet, heels and toes—by what appears to have been the cowhide, or some other humane instrument. If not called for soon, it will be turned over to the court, to be dealt with as the law directs. S."

June 18, 1845.

A Southern paper of a few months since advertises as follows:

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned, having bought the entire pack of Negro Dogs, (of the Hays & Allen stock,) he now proposes to catch runaway negroes. His charges will be three dollars per day for hunting, and fifteen dollars for catching a runaway. He resides three and a half miles north of Livingston, near the lower Jones' Bluff road.

WILLIAM GAMBREL.

Nov. 6, 1845—6m.

Read the following account from the *New Orleans Picayune*, of a scene that occurred in the streets of that city in broad day-light not long since.

"CRUELTY.—Passing through Baronne street about noon yesterday, a crowd, composed of men, women, and children, attracted our attention. The object of their curiosity—or rather their pity—we found to be a delicate, debilitated-looking mulatto boy, about ten years old. An old negro on one side and a stick on the other supported him, as he endeavored to move along, though it was evident that any motion, however slow, was too much for his prostrate physical powers.

We inquired what was the matter with the boy, and were answered by his shirt being raised up off his back, and heavens! how expressive of fiendish cruelty was the spectacle that presented itself! The poor boy's back and body were one mass of raw, trembling, skinless, parti-putrid, lacerated flesh! Ravines, as it were, in his carcase, had been cut by the lash, and he appeared, altogether, a victim of the most wanton and heartless cruelty which it was possible for other than a fiend to inflict. All we could learn of this monstrous cruelty we had from the old negro who helped the boy along; we give it for what it is worth, premising that we shall seek for the authentic facts of the case and lay them before the public.

The old negro said that he and the boy belonged to C. Donniburg, who lives

at the corner of Annunciation and Richard streets, that Donniburg lost a watch, and charged the boy with stealing it. Some ten or fourteen days since he had him put in the police jail of the First Municipality, and there, by his order, says the old man, was the inhuman punishment inflicted on him. The boy himself says that he received twenty-five lashes a day from the day he was imprisoned, till Thursday last. The old man, by direction of his master, was taking him home; but two citizens, seeing that he must die by the way, informed Recorder Baldwin of his condition, who promptly had him brought to the police office, where he was examined by Dr. Pieton.

As the doctor examined the wounds, they were necessarily exposed to the bystanders, who, by an involuntary exclamation, expressed their indignation against his torturer. The doctor pronounced the boy in a precarious condition, but said that by proper treatment he might recover, and advised that he should be sent to the Charity Hospital. The Recorder ordered that he be at once taken there, and thither was he carried by the police, on a litter—his back upward."

The *Selma Free Press*, not long since, contained the following advertisement. Think of the ingratitude of this slave in running away. *He* ought to have been "contented and happy:"

"\$25 REWARD.—Absconded from the subscriber's plantation, near Benton, Alabama, on the 18th of September last, a negro man named NED. He is very black,—ordinary height, say five and a half feet; *is branded on the forehead with the letters A. M. and on each cheek with the letters J. G.* The former he probably conceals by allowing his hair to cover it, and the latter are concealed by whiskers, and an examination may be necessary to discover them. As he will doubtless refuse to disclose his real owner's name, these brands are sufficient to identify him.

I will pay the above reward of twenty-five dollars for apprehending and lodging him in any jail, so that I can get him, and giving me information of the same at Selma, Alabama; and a reasonable additional reward will be paid, if delivered to me, or to Mr. R. A. NICOLI, of Mobile.

ANTHONY M. MINTER.

The Rev. Dr. Babcock of a Baptist Church, we believe of Baltimore, thus describes a colored preacher whom he met in Montgomery, Alabama.

"The afternoon of the Lord's day is uniformly devoted to the benefit of the colored congregation, who attended with interest and pleasure, and listened to a sermon by one of their own race. Cæsar, the speaker on this occasion is a middle-aged man, of ordinary height, spare, and somewhat bent in form, with pleasant countenance, voice, and manner, and sometimes really eloquent. On this occasion he delivered a plain instructive discourse apparently well adapted to the occasion. At the close of it, they allowed a brief appeal in behalf of the Bible cause, to which they liberally contributed. Then came the conference of the colored church members, and the examination of candidates for Baptism. This was conducted principally by Cæsar, in conjunction with the pastor and clerk of the white church, of which all these descendants of Africa are members. \* \* \* The opening address of Cæsar to these candidates argued well in this respect. He seemed to understand that he was dealing with unlettered, imaginative, impulsive beings, and he cautioned them accordingly. 'Don't tell us about dreams, visions, voices, and such like, but let us know how you have regarded yourselves, how you felt, and how your character appeared before God. Then tell us how you were led to hope, and on what you rely.' In brief, we may say, that both the examiner, and the candidates before him gave pleasing evidence that they were taught of the Lord."

Now, reader, what do you suppose this intelligent minister of the gospel is? Hear the Doctor further:

"Cæsar is *still a slave*; and what is very peculiar, HIS OWNERSHIP IS NOW VESTED IN THE ASSOCIATION OF WHICH THIS CHURCH IS A MEMBER!!! He is constantly employed by them, in ministerial and missionary labor, and God greatly blesses his efforts. Would to Heaven that all of us who have been bought with an infinite price, and profess that we are not our own, might serve our better Master as faithfully as this humble but devoted minister!"



MR. SELBY, a Wesleyan Methodist clergyman, relates in a Methodist paper under date of Cambridge, Ohio, Feb. 1846, the following facts:

"There is a colored man living within the bounds of my field of labor, (Leesburgh District,) who, according to his free papers, is one hundred and fourteen years old; he was a slave until he was seventy years old, at which time he was bought by his present wife's father for four hundred dollars. During his stay in Slavery he was the subject of very cruel treatment, he was often severely flogged, the truth of which his back fully exhibits, in being perfectly callous and white, from his neck to his heels. During his abode in Slavery he was also the husband of four wives, one of whom was sold with her children to the far South, no more to be embraced by their husband and father; another died in child-bed from exposure, her only accommodation being a little straw on the ground in a cold hut: another was whipped in the afternoon, and in the night was delivered of a child, and next morning died with her child also; they were shrouded with some kind of clothes, a hole was dug in the earth, and mother and child were thrown in together, and covered up with as little ceremony as of if they had been hogs."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The man alluded to above, relates the following. He being what is generally termed a house servant, had frequently to prepare milk toddy or egg-nogg, for whipping occasions; one morning he was ordered to prepare some drink, and bring it, with a stand, and necessary vessels, to the shade of a large oak. He did as he was bid, and found in the shade his master and another slave-owner; soon one of the plantation slaves was called by the master, and soon made his appearance near the place of blood, but when he saw the company, the drink, and other things, his heart failed, and he retreated, and sought refuge in a pond of water that was hard by. But alas, he was pursued by the demons in human shape, who commanded him to surrender and come forth. He refused; a musket was sent for and brought. He was then told that he would be called three times, and if he did not come forth he would be shot down; he was called once, twice, three times, he refused to yield, his master raised his musket, took deliberate aim and fired; the poor slave bounded up, fell back, and sunk to rise no more. Blood, blood, blood, crieth to God from the pond, for the poor slave's blood mixed with the water and turned it a crimson color for several yards around."

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The Rev. Mr. BOUCHER, a Methodist minister, related at a public meeting in Cincinnati a most revolting instance of inhumanity and hypocrisy which occurred under his own observation.

"While he was on the Alabama Circuit, he spent a Sabbath with an old circuit preacher, who was also a doctor, living near the 'Horse Shoe,' celebrated as Gen. Jackson's battle ground. Early Monday morning, he was reading Pope's Messiah to Mr. Boucher, when his wife called him out. Mr. Boucher glanced his eye out of the window, and saw a slave man standing by, and the husband and wife consulting over him. Presently the doctor took a raw-hide from under his coat, and began to cut up the half-naked back of the slave. Several inches of the skin turned up, perfectly white, at every stroke, until the whole back was red with gore. At first, the lacerated man cried out in his agony, at which the Doctor and Divine cried out at every stroke, 'WON'T YE HUSH! WON'T YE HUSH!' till finally the slave stood still, and bore the tortures with only a groan.

"As soon as he had completed his task, the Doctor came in, panting, and almost out of breath, and addressing Mr. Boucher, said, '*Won't you go to prayer with us, sir?*' The amazed circuit rider fell upon his knees and prayed, uttering he hardly knew what. When he left the house, the poor creature of a slave had crept up and knelt at the door during prayer, with his body gory with blood down to his very heels."

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EDWARD SMITH, of Pittsburgh, Pa., a popular Methodist minister, in a recent discourse on Slavery, states that the slaveholders in the section of Virginia in

which he formerly resided did not pretend to justify themselves from the Bible, until they were induced to do so by a leading Doctor of Divinity. He says:—

“The Doctor made the important discovery that Slavery was not sinful, that the relation was sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures. He was at that time a professor in one of the schools of the prophets, *i. e.* a Theological Seminary. This important discovery, which was a soothing unction to the oppressor’s soul, was made known in an ecclesiastical association of my native State, Virginia.

“This Rev. Doctor made another discovery which did him little more credit than this—that it was a sin for a slave to pray to the Almighty on the Sabbath day, if the master was administering needful chastisement. He was a slaveholder, and a severe one too, and often, with his own hands, he applied the cowhide to the naked backs of his slaves. On one occasion, a woman that served in the house, committed on Sabbath morning, an offense of too great magnitude to go unpunished until Monday morning. In towns and cities in the South, slaves are whipped, for the most part, in cellars, to prevent their cries from being heard so far as they would be under other situations. This is not the case on the plantations. The dwellers in towns are not willing to let the neighborhood in which they live know how often they whip their slaves. The Doctor lived in a town, and on this occasion took his woman in the cellar, and, as is usual in such cases, stripped her from her waist up, and then applied the lash. The woman writhed and winced under each stroke, and cried, ‘Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord!’ The Doctor stopped, and his hands fell to his side as though struck with the palsy; he gazed on the woman with astonishment, and thus addressed her, (the congregation must pardon me for repeating his words:—) ‘Hush, you *büch*, will you take the name of the Lord in vain on the Sabbath day?’ He finished whipping, and then went and essayed to preach that Gospel to his congregation which proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound. This was the man who made the important discovery that slavery was not sinful; and surely he was just the man for such a work.”

#### DISUNION.—BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

“INSTINCT is a great thing,” says Shakspeare: and it is remarkable how instinctively every anti-slavery movement, for the last fifty years, has found itself arrayed against the Union; and how instinctively, also, every such movement has been branded by the South as treasonable. Both tendencies were right. The abolitionist finds no readier foe—no greater obstacle than the Union: and the lover of the Constitution of 1789 knows that slavery and the Constitution will die together. All anti-slavery men have *felt* this;—most of them without being fully conscious of it. But the merit and glory of the American Anti-slavery Society have been, that we have plainly seen, and as frankly confessed, that our warfare is with the AMERICAN UNION, and that we expect success only in its downfall.

We seek the Dissolution of the Union, because the inhabitants of a country must either support or oppose the Government. They cannot be neutral. Their silence is sanction. But this Government we cannot support, because it requires of its citizens things which no honest man can do: and, secondly, because its chief result has been to give greater stability, strength and extension to the slave system.

But for the fear of Northern bayonets, pledged for the master’s protection, the slaves would long since have wrung a peaceful emancipation from the fears of their oppressors, or sealed their own redemption in blood.

But for the countenance of the Northern Church, the Southern conscience would have long since awakened to its guilt, and the impious sight of a Church made up of slaveholders and called the Church of Christ, been scouted from the world.

But for the weight of Northern influence, Louisiana had never been bought, and then there never would have been a domestic slave trade; Texas had never been stolen; nor the Floridas usurped; nor any means of ease found for the serpent, which, girdled with the fire of the world’s scorn, was dying by its own sting.

The North supplies the ranks of the army. Witness the muster-rolls of the



Revolution; witness Randolph's taunt, that all the South meant to do was to furnish *officers*; witness South Carolina's excuse in 1779 that her sons dared not quit home for the war and leave their slaves behind; witness the South-western press just now, dissuading from too free volunteering for the Texan war for fear that the slaves should seize the opportunity and rise. Yet it was national troops, *thus drafted*, which put down the insurrection of Nat. Turner: national troops secured the Floridas, thus snatching from the o'er-stung sufferers of Alabama, Georgia, and the Carolinas, their only refuge from our culture's talons: national troops cover Texas, without which, Mr. Secretary Upshur told the world, the institution of slavery would not live there ten years.

To our shame, the South confesses that, to us she "is indebted for a permanent safeguard against insurrection: that the dissolution of the Union is the dissolution of Slavery: that a million of slaves are ready to rise at the first tap of the drum, and, but for us, where is she to look for protection." We are no advocates for supporting the slave in insurrection, but we loathe still more the supporting of the master in his tyranny. "Hands off," is the Anglo-Saxon motto. Let both parties have fair play; and then if the master, in his fear of blood, grants the slave his freedom, go home and blush to think how many years your guilty partnership has encouraged him to refuse this justice.

We seek the dissolution of the Union, because the temptation of Southern support is too much for Northern virtue, either in church or state. Hence the ambition of the great sects hastens to strike hands with the slave-trader, and trims its creed to suit the market. While Northern statesmanship is but a competition in baseness—a bidding for the town's poor—a trial of which party will be content with least for betraying their constituents.

We curse the Constitution of 1789, because it is a cunning device, an attempt to evade the laws of God; a policy of insurance which the North gave her Southern sisters when they started on this mutual slave voyage. For Nature compels to freedom by making slavery burn up the soil on which she rests, and the slave grows burdensome as free labor presses on his heels. But the Union says to Virginia, "Not so; when your virgin soil is exhausted raise men instead of tobacco, and we will protect the domestic market by that highest of all tariffs—the penalty of death against the foreign trader. But for this compromise the whole Atlantic border would now be free.

God and Nature have made the master tremble lest his property in man take feet and vanish. The Union gives him her marshals and courts, her judges and laws, her army and navy, to quiet his fears, and bring back the fugitive, if found where the National Vulture flaps his wings.

Of this Constitution it is enough for us to know that, beneath it, the slaves have trebled in numbers, and slaveholders have monopolized the offices and dictated the policy of the Government; prostituting the strength of the nation to the support of slavery here and elsewhere; trampling on the rights of the Free States, and making the courts of the country their tools. We have the highest authority for "judging a tree by its fruits." "The preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery," says Adams, "is the VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT of the National Government." Our connection with the Slave States has kept the colored race among us under the ban of a cruel and wasting prejudice.

Let no one say, these things need not have been, and we may reasonably hope for better times to come.

Not so. We shall never launch on another era with a more glowing love of liberty and justice than that which pervaded the nation's mind at the close of the Revolution.

We shall never try the experiment of letting freedom, with fettered feet, run a race with slavery, furnished with wings, under better auspices than while the spirit of Wythe and Jefferson made Virginia tremble for her right to crush and kill; while Jay covered New York with his angel wings, and Samuel Adams thundered in Faneuil Hall. All that *political man* could do, chained to the compromises of 1789, has been done: and where is the statesman vain enough to ask our confidence in trying over again the experiment, in which Jay and King, Ellsworth and Strong, Martin and Wythe, Adams and Aines have failed?



No matter what we may think of the character or of the provisions of the Constitution; there are always, *beneath the parchment*, elements of political strength and activity which overrule statutes; and these elements have been found such, in a trial of fifty years, that if you run your eye over the list of Northern statesmen you will find them all either members of a defeated party or traitors;—men who won success only by submitting to a baptism of treason—treason to their lineage, to their own principles, and to their birth-place: who have lived only by speaking at Washington what they feared to say at home, and by whispering at home what they dared not meet at Washington; and whose political death has dated from the day when they were equally well known in both places. Witness Shaw of Lanesboro', Webster of Marshfield, Van Buren of Kinderhook, and Everett of Cambridge.

We abjure the Union, because we will not sail with slavery at the helm;—because our bayonets shall never shield the hearth, wife, or child, of any man, in order that he may safely trade in human flesh;—because our hands shall never thrust back into hell the trembling fugitive, whom our example and the sight of our happiness has tempted to run from it;—and finally, because we believe if the old men of 1776 could now lift up their heads and see the ruin they have wrought, they would curse us as bastards if we did not do them the justice to believe they would have hated such a result, and if we did not do our utmost, in mere justice to them, to blot from history the memory of this, their only, but, alas! their momentous folly or crime.

#### SKETCH OF HAYTI.—BY REV. JOHN WEISS.

The island of Hayti is notable for being the seat of the first independent Empire founded by African Slaves. Their struggle for freedom developed many remarkable men, and was graced with the highest talent and moral force. It gave to posterity the character of *Toussaint*, justly styled "the first of the blacks," and vindicated the moral and intellectual capacity of his race. It demolished the barrier of prejudice and caste, by placing, almost at a single leap, a down-trodden and divided race, upon a level with the best forms of Caucasian humanity: and this too, not in the persons of a few anomalies, but by dozens and scores of brave soldiers, sagacious organizers, and even thinkers and writers.

Previous to the great insurrection of 1792, the slaves lived, with rare exceptions, in extreme debasement. No public opinion had checked and modified the natural arrogance of Creole masters, and cases of extreme cruelty were unavenged by any law. But other causes beside the desire to escape from an oppressive system, threw the slaves into revolt. It was the period of the French Revolution, and the island responded to every throb and motion of the mother-country. But the whites turned republicans only on their own account, and never dreamed of affixing the national colors to the hat of the mulatto, who represented a numerous and respectable class. At this time they numbered 40,000, exactly equal to the whites. The slaves were rated at half a million. This lively struggle between the whites and mulattoes, the abortive movements of the latter, and their cruel fate, stirred the slaves in the northern part of the island; and their excitement was adroitly fomented by mulatto emissaries, till a bloody and cruel revolt ensued. The horrors of a single night proved to their astonished masters that the re-action always equals the depression. A century of slavery had so brutalized their spirits that they knew not the nature of liberty.

But in the course of the season *Toussaint* joined the insurgent slaves, organized them, repressed their excesses, and united them to the Spanish government in the eastern part of the island to act under royalism against republicanism. The French were doubly odious; they called themselves their masters, and they had guillotined their king. *Toussaint* seems both to have desired the freedom of his race, and to have loved royalism.

For fifty years he had lived in quiet obscurity and from a plantation, rising from one grade to another, till he reached the post of coachman. His education was meagre, his heart was upright and tender, his probity severe, his understanding clear, sound and sinewy. He was taciturn, meditative, cool and impenetrable. He soon attached the blacks to his person by the irresistible magnetism of his character, and their enthusiastic devotion was only equalled

by that of the French for Napoleon. The Spaniards loaded him with honors and caresses; but it soon appeared that he loved freedom better than his old idea of Royalism, and when the French decreed the emancipation of the slaves in 1793, he passed over with all his forces to their side. By a series of rapid manœuvres, he relieved places besieged by the royalist Spanish and English; and the French Republican Commissioner in receiving the keys, exclaimed, "this man effects an opening (*ouverture*) wherever he goes." The word was caught by the mobile and enthusiastic multitude, and he was baptised by the voice of a nation. "I accept the name," said he, "because I will open the gates of a better future."

His government was wise and timely; no Frenchman understood his race. He rid himself of Generals and Commissioners, by astute manœuvres, and ruled independently for the blacks, but always under the name of the French Republic. The island was restored to nearly its ancient prosperity. The necessity of the times, and the splendor of his example, lifted many men directly out of barbarism, strengthened them with culture, and developed the varied talents suitable for government, diplomacy and war. Christophe, one of his successors, and the introducer of the school-system of Lancaster in the island, was a notable example. Bravery and military skill were dog cheap everywhere; but some of his generals also administered wisely the affairs of provinces; as for instance, Paul L'overture, Charles Belair. Toussaint's officials were well chosen, and never disgraced their post. Genuine men were found to order; judges, ministers, secretaries and ambassadors. Only one important case of mal-administration occurred during Toussaint's government, in the person of his nephew, General Moyse, who was shot by court-martial for the offence. So meagre a notice as this, necessarily prevents all interesting anecdote and detail. Suffice it to say, Toussaint was an organizer and not a mere imitator. He originated special schemes adapted to the peculiarity of the case; as in the treatment of the cultivators, who were the former slaves, and to whom he made industry attractive. The great experiment failed only through the ambition of Napoleon, the jealousy of Toussaint's mulatto and French enemies, and the desertion of his best generals, deceived by French gold and promises. The catastrophe is soon related. Eleven thousand men, the power of the French army, under Le Clerc, the brother-in-law of the first consul, forced him to capitulate, after much hard fighting at fearful odds. On some miserable pretext he was seized and transported to France. This noble child of the tropics died of consumption in a damp dungeon of the fortress of Besançon—1803 (?).

If we content ourselves now with asking, what was the result of his life and rule, the important and satisfactory reply stands ready. The capacity of his race for self-government has been fairly tested and established; the manifold riches of the African nature have, for once, been lavishly displayed; the power of reflection and organization has been settled to belong to them beyond dispute. The horrors attendant upon the first revolt, before the masterly capacity of Toussaint directed the tempest, show the dreadful consequence of an institution so "peculiar" as to destroy the better instincts of the soul, and to substitute license for freedom. The gradual organization of an African empire adorned with culture—and founded too, be it remembered, upon peace rather than retaliation—as the counterpart of slavery and barbarism, make us sure that the oppressed only require a heaven-directed impulse, the maimed and stifled nature only a providential moment, the mocked and branded negro only a single chance from his more fortunate brother, and the world will witness the rise and cultivation of another race, according to the infallible witness of history and the laws of the past. The cause of the present imbecility and decline, too evident upon the island, cannot be briefly stated. One of its elements consists in the hereditary feud between the two classes, the mulatto and the black. That has been the fruitful source of its principal disasters; it was the chief thing which threatened the tranquility of Toussaint's reign. The government has alternated between the two; the mulatto sway has been noted for its apathy, weakness and display; that of the negro for its fiery concentration, its impatience of obstacles, its often ill-directed efforts. So long as it is only a dubious struggle for mastery, we cannot hope to see the island achieve its proper destiny. It is again expectant of "the Hour and the Man."



“WHY CAN'T YOU ABOLITIONISTS LET THE LIBERTY PARTY  
ALONE?”—BY EDMUND QUINCY.

“Because we know that it was in its origin and design hostile to the anti-slavery movement. That it was created by the men who had deserted our ranks and robbed us of our flag and military chest—our Emancipator and our depository—for the purpose of conciliating a pro-slavery church and clergy, and of covering their own retreat back to the church and the world. Though we are sometimes (falsely, as a society) called non-resistants, our principles do not impel us to submit to have our throats cut without at least telling the assassins and the world what they are about.”

“But you do not condemn the whole party for the crime of a few of their number?”

“Yes, when those few are the leaders and the organs of the party. We treat the third party as we do the other two. There are good men and sincere (though mistaken) abolitionists among the whigs and democrats as well as among the *Birneycrats*; but as long as they choose to have Henry Clay and James K. Polk, and the *Intelligencer* and the *Union* for the exponents of their principles before the world, they must not complain of being put all in our condemnation. ‘*Noscitur a sociis.*’ A man is known by the company he keeps. Their remedy is to *come out*. You remember the fate of the stork who was caught among the cranes.”

“But you surely make a distinction between the whigs and democrats, and the liberty party. You must allow that it has for its object the abolition of slavery—which neither of the other parties have.”

“I will allow no such thing. The whigs and democrats make good professions enough, and if they would carry out their principles honestly, there would be no slavery in a very short time. The difficulty with them and with the third party is that they don't mean what they say.”

“What! Do you mean to say that the liberty party is not an anti-slavery party?”

“To be sure I do. When I find a man or a party blocking up the way of the anti-slavery movement, and doing what they can to destroy it and the character of its friends, I feel very sure that that man or that party, whatever else they may be, are not anti-slavery. We judge of men's anti-slavery character by what they *do*, and not by what they *say*. You remember George Bradburn used to tell us, before he *ratted*, that *calling* the calf's tail a leg, did not *make* it one.”

“But you must admit this assertion. The liberty party never nominate slaveholders for office. And, then, should they even prevail, you cannot doubt that their first measure would be to abolish slavery; at least, as far as they could *constitutionally*.”

“Aye, there's the rub, my friend. Suppose Mr. Birney elected president to-morrow, what would be the first thing he would have to do? Swear to support the Constitution, would he not? And what does that require of him? To suppress servile insurrection and restore fugitive slaves, does it not? Pretty work for an abolitionist!”

“But Beriah Green, and William Goodell, and Gerrit Smith think that the Constitution is an anti-slavery instrument. And other wise men think that a man is not bound to do a thing he considers wrong, though he has sworn it.”

“I grant you, he is not bound to do the wicked thing even though



he has sworn it; *but can he innocently swear to do it, not meaning to perform it!* That's the point. As to the Constitution being an anti-slavery instrument, Messrs. Green, Goodell, and Smith may be very wise men, but they do not happen to be the constitutional authority on the subject. The Supreme Court has settled that question, guided by the obvious meaning of the pro-slavery clauses, and by the well known intentions of the framers. If every man may construe the Constitution, as he understands it, and obey just as much of it as he likes, we should soon have *no government with a vengeance!*"

"But do you mean to say, that a man ought to return fugitive slaves and put down a servile insurrection, if he have sworn to support the Constitution?"

"I mean to say that he has no right to swear to support the Constitution unless he means to do the things it commands him to do. A man in this dilemma has to choose between obeying God and man, between perjury and crime. *We say he cannot choose either and be innocent.*"

"But I cannot help thinking, after all, that the liberty party, with so many good men in it, must be an anti-slavery party."

"I cannot think that an anti-slavery party, the object of which is to elect men to put down a revolution of the slaves, to vindicate their rights, and to restore the fugitive that has escaped to his tyrant again."

"But how can you account for the existence of the party, except from a wish to abolish slavery?"

"I will tell you how it is made up. *First*, of men who wish to divert the attention of the inquiring from the Church to the far less faulty State: who hold that no man is fit for any political office who is not an abolitionist, but is content to sit under the preaching of a minister who is notoriously pro-slavery: who think a man worthy to be the ambassador of Christ, and the vicegerent of God on earth, a good shepherd to keep the lambs of Christ's fold, who is not fit to impound the stray hogs of his own parish! *Secondly*, of disappointed Whigs and Democrats, who have a grudge at their old parties, for some slight to themselves or their friends; old battered politicians who have been kicked out of their old connections as *invaluables*, who are ready to take their chance with any new party that comes up, so it annoys and bothers their old one. This constitutes the largest division of the party, by far. *Thirdly*, of true-hearted abolitionists, who do sincerely and honestly believe that this is the best way to abolish slavery: who acknowledge the evil nature and bad actions of their associates; but think that this is the nature of political parties; and that these are necessary tools for a good end! not seeing, good easy men, that it is *they* that are made the tools of their unprincipled associates for their bad ends! These are the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff."

"Well! after all; I can't but think that I shall see the liberty party do a great work for the abolition of slavery, yet."

"You must make haste, then, my friends; for, if we really believe their own accounts of themselves, the party is on its last legs. Like other humbugs it has had its day, but its day is over. It acknowledges to have had like Humpty Dumpty in Mother Goose, "a great fall!"

"And all the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Can't set Humpty Dumpty up again!"

## THE NO-VOTING THEORY.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"God never made a CITIZEN, and no one will escape as a man, from the sins which he commits as a citizen."

Can an abolitionist consistently take office, or vote, under the Constitution of the United States?

1st. What is an abolitionist?

One who thinks slaveholding a sin in all circumstances, and desires its abolition.

2d. What do taking office and voting under the Constitution imply?

The President swears "to execute the office of president," and "to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The judges "to discharge the duties incumbent upon them agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States."

All executive, legislative, and judicial officers, both of the several States and of the General Government, before entering on the performance of their official duties, are bound to take an oath or affirmation, "*to support the Constitution of the United States.*" This is what every office-holder expressly promises in so many words. It is a contract between him and the whole nation. The voter, who, by voting, sends his fellow-citizen into office as his representative, knowing beforehand that the taking of this oath is the first duty his agent will have to perform, does, by his vote, request and authorise him to take it. He therefore, by voting, impliedly engages to support the Constitution. What one does by his agent he does himself. Of course no honest man will authorise and request another to do an act which he thinks it wrong to do himself. Every voter, therefore, is bound to see, *before voting*, whether he could himself honestly swear to support the Constitution. It is universally considered throughout the country, by common men and by the courts, as a promise to do what the Constitution bids, and to avoid what it forbids. It was in the spirit of this oath, under which he spake, that Daniel Webster said in New York, "The Constitution gave it (slavery) SOLEMN GUARANTIES. To the full extent of these guaranties we are all bound by the Constitution. All the stipulations contained in the Constitution in favor of the slaveholding States ought to be fulfilled; and so far as depends on me, shall be fulfilled, in the fulness of their spirit and to the exactness of their letter."

It is more than the oath of allegiance; more than a mere promise that we will not resist the laws. For it is an engagement to "support them;" as an officer of government, to carry them into effect. Without such a promise on the part of its functionaries, how could government exist? It is more than the expression of that obligation which rests on all peaceable citizens to submit to laws, even though they will not actively support them. For it is the promise which the judge makes, that he will actually do the business of the courts; which the sheriff assumes, that he will actually execute the laws.

Let it be remarked, that it is an oath to support the Constitution—that is, the whole of it; there are no exceptions. And let it be remembered, that by it, each one makes a contract with the whole nation, that he will do certain acts.

3d. What is the Constitution which each voter thus engages to support?

It contains the following clauses:

Art. 1. Sect. 2. "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three fifths of all other persons.*"

Art. 1. Sec. 8. "Congress shall have power \*\*\* to suppress insurrections."

Art. 4. Sect. 2. "No person, held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Art. 4. Sect. 4. "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government; and shall protect each of them against



invasion; and, on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened) *against domestic violence.*"

The first of these clauses, relating to representation, gives to 10,000 inhabitants of Carolina equal weight in the government with 40,000 inhabitants of Massachusetts, provided they are rich enough to hold 50,000 slaves:—and accordingly confers on a slaveholding community additional political power for every slave held among them, thus tempting them to continue to uphold the system:

Its results have been, in the language of John Quincy Adams, "to make the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the National Government;" and again, to enable "a knot of slaveholders to give the law and prescribe the policy of the country." So that "since 1830 slavery, slaveholding, slavebreeding, and slavetrading have formed the whole foundation of the policy of the Federal Government." The second and the last articles, relating to insurrection and domestic violence, perfectly innocent themselves—yet being made with the fact directly in view that slavery exists among us, do deliberately pledge the whole national force against the unhappy slave if he imitate our fathers and resist oppression—thus making us partners in the guilt of sustaining slavery: the third is a promise, on the part of the whole North, to return fugitive slaves to their masters; a deed which God's law expressly condemns, and which every noble feeling of our nature repudiates with loathing and contempt.

These are the clauses which the abolitionist, by voting or taking office, engages to uphold. While he considers slaveholding to be sin, he still rewards the master with additional political power for every additional slave that he can purchase. Thinking slaveholding to be sin, he pledges to the master the aid of whole army and navy of the nation to reduce his slave again to chains, should he at any time succeed a moment in throwing them off. Thinking slaveholding to be sin, he goes on, year after year, appointing by his vote judges and marshals to aid in hunting up the fugitives, and seeing that they are delivered back to those who claim them! How beautifully consistent are his *principles* and his *promises*!

### ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Is it practicable? Is it safe? Will not the slaves turn upon their masters, and cut their throats the moment they are emancipated? History will tell us.

Slavery was abolished in Vermont by its Constitution in 1793. In Massachusetts, it was pronounced illegal by the Courts under the Constitution adopted in 1780. Rhode Island and Connecticut abolished it in 1784; New York in 1799; New Jersey in 1804; Pennsylvania in 1780. The latter State was the first to pass a special act against it.

Mexico, on the Anniversary of its Independence in 1829, issued a decree by which it declared all its slaves free, "as an act of national justice and beneficence!"

Buenos Ayres was the first South American Republic that abolished Slavery in 1816; Columbia and Chili followed her example in 1821; Bolivia in 1826; Peru, Guatemala and Monte Video in 1828; and Uruguay in 1843.

Great Britain abolished slavery completely in all the Colonies in the West Indies, South America, Southern Africa, and the Indian Ocean, in 1838. In 1843 it was abolished in British India, and at Malacca, Singapore, Penang, Province Wellesley, and Scinde, and also at the British settlement on the Gold Coast in Western Africa; and in 1844 at Hong Kong, and in the Island of Ceylon.

Not one single drop of blood has ever been shed in consequence of the abolition of slavery in those various parts of the world within a half century.

Even the Turks have set us an example. The Bay of Tunis commenced the abolition of slavery within his dominions in 1843, and in the early part of 1846 it was totally extinguished.

But the United States has *re-established* slavery in the conquered provinces of another republic. Under the protecting influence of the Constitution of the United States, the accursed system has been fostered into a giant growth, from the Ohio to the Rio Grande!



## "WHAT HAVE WE TO DO WITH IT?"

"But, after all, friend Hopewell, what have we to do with it?" said my neighbor Lookhom one day, after casting his eye over an Anti-slavery newspaper which I had just lent him. "I know there are a good many slaves down South there, and it's a dreadful bad thing. But I don't see as I can help it; or that it's my business to meddle with 'em, if I can."

My neighbor Lookhom is one of your slow, cautious people. He is a very good man in his way, but only a little too apt to remember the maxim, "that charity should begin at home," or forget that it shouldn't stay there. There are a good many such in our neighborhood.

"Well, now, Mr. Lookhom," said I, "you are a man of good common sense, and I am rather surprised at such a question from you. But let us suppose a case. In this village there are about 3000 inhabitants. Now, suppose that out of these 3000 there were 500 ignorant, shiftless people, who were without any means of their own—had never received any religious or moral instruction—had never had a day's schooling in their lives—did very little work, consequently, produced little—were a good deal inclined to pilfer—had as lief lie as tell the truth—weren't very particular about the marriage relation—and, in short, were about as poor, miserable a set of creatures, as could be got together;—don't you think that their condition would be some of our business? Even if we cared nothing about the great principle of Christianity, Love thy neighbor, wouldn't it be well for us to look after these people for the sake of our wood-piles, and hen-roosts and hay-stacks, as well as our taxes? Wouldn't it be our duty to inquire into their actual condition, and see whether this, which common report says about them, is true, and whether there isn't some cause for the existence of all these bad qualities, for which they are not half so responsible as we are, who consider ourselves wiser and better than they?"

"Why, to be sure, I do, if there was anything in their condition differing particularly from the common run of poor folks. But, how will you make out that that is just the case with slavery?"

"Just this way. Extend the boundaries of your village, and include this nation of ours, with its 18,000,000 of people, and you have in it the same proportion, that is, one-sixth of these poor people. Now, if, in the first case, it is your duty to know and do something about their condition, it is in the last case, whether you do it because you are a good Christian, or because you are a respectable man, who does not like to pay too heavy tax-bills, and does like to see his corn-barns and wood-houses well filled."

"But these slaves are a great way off, neighbor; and if they are such a miserable, shiftless set as you make 'em out to be, I guess the less we have to do with 'em the better. They don't steal my corn, and my tax-bill is none the heavier for them, that I know of. They aren't our town's poor any how. Let them take care of 'em that's got 'em, I say."

"Don't be in a hurry. I hav'n't done with the village yet. Now, suppose when you come to inquire about these people close about home here, who do rob you of your property, and for whom you do have to pay taxes, you should find out that they are under the thumb of about fifty men, and have been ever since they were born. That these masters of theirs, by an agreement among themselves, have deprived the poor people of the power of becoming anything else than what they are,—have denied them all intellectual and moral training, rob them of all the fruits of their labor, give them just enough to keep soul and body together, to-day, that they may work to-morrow for *their* benefit. You wouldn't much wonder at their condition then? And if you found out that it was only their masters that they stole from, who stole everything from them, you wouldn't much blame them, would you? And you would think it your duty to do something to abolish such monstrous cruelty and injustice, should you not?"

"You're about right there, neighbor."

"And when you come to look a little further, if you find that the system, which these fifty men have adopted, is one of great waste and extravagance,—that their lands are all worn out, and mortgaged—that every few years they

fail, and their honest debts to you and your neighbors for your corn, and wood, and hay, are never paid—and that they can't help doing these things just so, long as they hold on to their system, simply because they have a set of people about them who don't care what becomes of the farms, for they've no interest in them, and won't work if they can help it, and so everything goes to rack and ruin;—and if, too, you find that the same fifty are the very men who have always had everything their own way in town-meetings—have always been the selectmen, the overseers of the poor, the assessors, the tax-gatherers, the constables, the town-clerks, and everything else;—that they have governed the town just as they please—made you pay all the taxes, mend all the roads, take care of the poor, while they did nothing but pocket the salaries;—that they have sometimes granted you licenses to fish in the rivers, and when you had put all your capital in boats and fish stakes, and everything necessary to carry on the business, and are cleverly at work, have taken away the licenses, and your boats have rotted on the beach, and one-half your capital is sunk;—have offered you a bounty on salt, and as soon as you are in a fair way of making money at that business, have withdrawn it, and your salt-vats are left to catch rain in;—have encouraged you to improve the water-powers on the streams, and put up mills, but as soon as you are getting some return from this new outlay of capital, have made your water-privileges useless by bringing in cheaper foreign goods;—and then when you have gone back to farming, and got your farms well under way, and are making money at it, they put a tax on everything that comes from abroad, so that your produce will buy you almost nothing, and you must go to work and manufacture again for yourselves, till the same swindling game is played over again, and you are left to whistle once more for your squandered capital with your hands in your empty pockets;—and if you find out that this state of things is a *necessary consequence* of the existence of that system whereby they hold one-sixth of the people of the town wretchedly poor and ignorant, and which forces them to resort to every expedient to sell what little they do produce as dear as possible, and to buy what they want as cheap as possible—and that your system of labor and their system of labor is continually and necessarily clashing, and that your interests and their interests never can come together, and that they never want they should, because by continuing this state of things they can always keep you quarrelling among yourselves, and maintain their own ascendancy, and live in ease and idleness with their 500 to work for them:—I say, neighbor, when, by looking a little into matters, you find out that all this is true, and that the fifty are not the masters of the 500 only but of the whole township, wouldn't you begin to think that you had something to do with it?"

"Do you mean to say, Friend Hopeful, that slavery does all this at the North? For I see that is what you are driving at."

"All this! I 'havn't begun' yet. Look a little further at the doings of your neighbors. After having ruined you three or four times over, they find out that their farms aren't big enough to support them and their vassals, with all your help, though everything that is done by the town government is done for their benefit. They've run out the land till it isn't worth a dollar an acre, though they had the best part of the settlement to begin with. Moreover, the 500 are getting restless, for their masters can't give them enough to eat, and support their own style of living at the same time, and the poor creatures have got a notion that they will do better if they are let alone. You remember, that some time ago, they laid a tax on you to buy a large tract of land off at the westward, and made it a part of the town, and some of their sons moved on to it, and took some of the poor people with them. This gave them a larger vote than ever in town-meetings, but as there wasn't poor enough in the new settlement, the old folks, you find, were in the habit of *selling* the children of their poor to go out there, and finding that this was more profitable for both parties, they have concluded in the old settlement to keep their poor for breeding, and send the offspring to the new—where they work them up in about seven years—as the demand wasn't equal to the supply if they trusted to their own increase. After awhile, this begins also to be overstocked, for the breeding settlement produces more than are wanted. And as your sons are growing up, too, there is some fear of their being out-voted in



town-meetings, so they must have more land yet. Adjoining your town on the south, is another that has lately been set off. The people there have had their troubles, but have well nigh got over them, and especially have got rid of just such a system as curses you, and are beginning to look up in the world. They have a rich tract as large as half a dozen of your largest farms, on which your fifty-man-power have cast a longing eye. They don't know how to get hold of it at first, and so they must get your consent in town-meetings to buy it, and it is of no use to you people in the north part of the town, who have now more land than you know what to do with. However, they send off a few blustering rowdy fellows to settle there, who give the place such a character that everybody calls it the "Valley of Rascals." They soon get up a quarrel with the real owners, and after awhile declare that they have set off the tract as a town by itself, and then ask you to *annex* it to yours. Now will you countenance such bare-faced robbery as this in your town-meeting, especially when you know that all these fellows want is to give a longer lease to their poor-folks system, and have everything their own way in the management of the town?"

"But stop, neighbor. Suppose they tell you that all they want to annex this new town for, is to give it the advantages of our government. You know we're the most flourishing settlement about here."

"I'm not so certain about our being so very flourishing. Pride goes before a fall, they say. But never mind about that now. You know this at any rate; that their poor-folks system would starve itself to death before long, if they didn't get some new land to live on. And if you won't take my word for it, you'll take their's, and some of their smartest men say so, and give that as the very reason why they must have more land, tho' they didn't mean that your northern farmers should ever know that they said so. And then when at last it is voted in town-meeting to take the settlement, and they insist that they shall have the right of carrying the poor folks there, and buying as many as they want to stock it from your fifty men, and that they shall have the same right that the fifty men have, of a vote in the town-meeting for every certain number of these poor, I think it will be pretty plain to your mind, that they have two, and only two, objects in this robbery; first to give the poor-man system a chance to live the longer; and next to carry everything before them in town-meeting as they always have done, by the help of the votes they get. Isn't it so?"

"I don't see but what it is. But then suppose it's all settled, how are you agoing to help it?"

"Ah! But how comes it to be settled? that's the question. You folks up north there knew all about this plan before, and swear some of you, that you never will submit to it. But when it comes to the point, your neighbor John Abbott, that keeps shop round the corner, says, 'well, never mind. 'Tisn't worth while to make a fuss now. I guess if we get this territory I can sell some goods to those people, and anyhow the fifty-men-power will let my water-privilege alone if we let 'em have their own way.' And most of you join with him, and so cover up the wickedness of the thing. The fact is you're afraid. Afraid not of doing wrong, but of losing money. You don't so much mind robbing your neighbors, to say nothing of the honor of the old village, if your butter and home-stuffs will bring a cent more a pound, and two cents more a yard by it. But see how it turns out. You give another inch to those fellows—you've given a good many—and they take another ell. There is a strip of meadow-land further south yet, that they want for the same purpose that they did the whole tract. That still belongs to your neighbors, and nobody ever pretended before that it didn't. Some of these blusterers go on to that, and strut up and down before the people's houses, and trample over their corn, and tear down their fences, and when the owners come out and ask them what they mean by such conduct, they knock them over the head, and declare that *they* begun the quarrel! Blood is shed, and you've got an expensive lawsuit on your hands? And whose fault is it? isn't it yours? You might have stopped this business in the beginning. But you were afraid to, or too bad to, or a little of both. Now you must send your sons to join in this fight; and you have got to pay all the costs, for the fifty-man-power are careful enough to keep their necks out of all such difficulties that they get you into, and to make you bear the expense. And all for what? Why,

that the poor folks should be poorer still, and more of them, and that you should have less power than ever, in town-meeting. And as for the mill-privileges of John Abbott, and the rest of them, your masters have no sooner got you fairly under their thumbs than they take them again. It's good enough for them. And if it wasn't for the wickedness of the thing, and those wretched poor folks, one could almost be glad that they serve you as they do. By and by, may be, you'll find out what they're at, and behave yourselves like men. I sometimes almost wonder that the old settlers don't start up out of their graves, when such things are going on over their heads. Your old grandfathers little thought that their children would ever be engaged in such work as this."

"Bad enough! bad enough! neighbor, I grant you. I don't see but we must make this whole matter some of our business, and see if we can't bring the old town back where she ought to be."

"No more, then, about the village and its poor folks and their fifty masters, but look for a moment at things that really do exist, and I have done. All that I have said, and a great deal more that I might say if I had time now, is true of the system of slavery and the slave-power. You know well enough what a slave is. A more wretched being doesn't live on the face of the earth. They sometimes talk about the poor of Great Britain and the poor of the North in comparison. But I tell you, neighbor, there is not a man here, or in Great Britain either,—however poor he may be, however bowed down by wretchedness, or however degraded by the wrong and crime of others or himself,—that would not spurn with indignation and contempt, the insulting offer to change conditions with the 'fattest and the sleekest' slave. What manhood might be left in him would straighten his bent form, and kindle the fire of his dull eye, as the spirit of a FREEMAN aroused itself in him. SLAVERY! What a word is that! What a tale does it tell of sorrow and of wrong. From the cradle to the grave a life of woe. The mother may well weep as her infant draws its first breath of life; and the children rejoice as they huddle the worn-out body of a parent into its last resting-place. For one, it is the end of wretchedness that found no pity; for the other, the beginning of sorrow that shall have no hope. Ah! neighbor, if when we sent our Bibles and our Prayer-Books to the Heathen, we remembered the Heathen at our own door,—if we were not forgetful of those two great practical precepts which Jesus taught and lived: 'Love ye one another,' 'Let the strong bear the burdens of the weak;'—if we remembered 'those in bonds as bound with them' we should never ask, 'what have *we* to do with it?' Could we in our happy freedom, and our daily plenty, see the slave bending over his hopeless toil, the fruits of which are never his—share with him a little while his wretched hut and scanty fare—see the wife torn from his bosom, or the child from its mother's arms—know the darkness that clouds his mind, and the despair which fills his heart—we should learn that we have a duty to perform to these, the poorest of God's poor. If you should meet, as I have, one of these poor wretches by the wayside, here in this northern State, and know that alone and unaided he had travelled many hundred miles on foot, hiding himself for many days in the dark recesses of the forests, and pursuing only by night his toilsome journey; and when you begged him to stay long enough to receive your aid, begged him at least to take from you the names of those who farther on would give him help; and as he turned away, giving a deaf ear to all your entreaties, and shrank from you as from a foe, because he saw an enemy in every white man, and with only the sun by day, and the north star his guide by night, he hastened on, trembling and alone, as before, to reach the dominions of a Queen, you would learn, as I have, to curse the Republic that has not in it a foot of ground where a man can stand and call himself a freeman. Ignorant as he was, he knew that these were the *United States*, and that a common Constitution covered them all, and that that Constitution held him a slave. He knew well enough—for that his master was sure to teach him—that if he and his fellows should attempt to assert the rights which God gave them when he made them men, that you at the North would shoulder your glistening muskets, and stand ready at the call of one portion of your southern brethren, to assist them to oppress the rest. And he knew, too, that should he fly from the 'house of bondage,' and elude



the keen scent of the bloodhound, and escape the bullet of the hunter, and reach, at last, bleeding and worn with toil and privation, your populous North with its swarming villages, that even then he was not beyond the reach of the pursuer, that you were all banded together to return him whence he came. You can't deny this."

"It's too true?"

"Does it matter, then, whether there be 500 of these poor creatures at the other end of your village, or 3,000,000 at the other end of your country? Is not your guilt the same in either case, if you do nothing for them? And have you not, as a man, and a Christian, the same duty to the 3,000,000 that you have to the 500?"

"I declare I believe you are more than half right?"

"Go home, then, and think the matter over; and when you see it in its right light, as take my word for it you will, talk then to your wife and children; talk to your neighbors, and show them their sin and their duty in this thing. Tell them that Bank or Sub-Treasury, Tariff or no Tariff, Land or no Land, are not the questions now for this people to settle. That above all and before all, the great question of HUMAN RIGHTS or HUMAN WRONG is the one that now and here they are called upon to decide. It is a struggle between SLAVERY and FREEDOM, between RIGHT and WRONG; and if you don't abolish Southern Slavery, and that ere long, then SOUTHERN SLAVERY will abolish, as it has well nigh already, NORTHERN FREEDOM. You have taken sides, thus far, with the master, and see what has come of it! The slave-power has extended the Union for its own purposes from the Ohio to the Rio Grande. The Government is, and has been for half a century, a slaveholding Government. The only interests it cares for or protects, are the interests of slavery. By the help of your own strength your masters have bound you their willing vassals, and when all is done they laugh at you for your folly, and mock your imbecility. And it all comes of your accursed Union. Either they must conquer you, or you them. We have tried it long enough to know which has the better. Take sides now with the slaves for their own sakes, for yours, and for the sake of the masters. Slavery cannot exist except upon your strength. Deprive it of its support, and it will fall of its own weight; and a blessed day will that be for master and slave!"

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! That's the word, is it?"

"Aye! neighbor, that's the word. And until you believe in and live up to it, there is no hope for you. Till you do that, you are both a slaveholder and a slave!"

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### FREEDOM.

The noble horse,  
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils,  
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through  
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord  
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,  
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.  
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew  
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the Gods,  
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed  
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found  
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,  
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

[MASSINGER.]

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"Northerners know nothing at all about slavery; they think it is perpetual bondage only; but of the *depth of degradation* that word involves, they have no conception; if they had, they *would never cease* their efforts until so horrible a system was overthrown."—*A woman of N. Carolina.*

## A MILITIA CAPTAIN "IN A FIX."

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that the citizens of this goodly city are not so immersed in the cares of money-making, that they deny themselves that privilege which is esteemed so valuable in other sections of the Republic. They find time to be patriotic even in New-York. That glorious proof of the sovereignty of the people, the "Fall training," is not yet obsolete among us. In all our public squares during the last week in September, our citizen-soldiery, armed with muskets or broom-sticks, as best suits their individual tastes, learn the art of war, under the command of a brave captain in motley, to the admiration of a crowd of ragged newsboys and other irreverent spectators.

Our friend Thomas Van Rensselaer, a colored man, received a notice to attend one of these glorious gatherings. Of course it was a mistake, as the citizens of his color are excused by the philanthropy of our laws from doing any of this sort of service. In cases of actual necessity the State will permit them to enjoy the privilege of being shot, but can in nowise put them to the inconvenience of any previous preparation. But Thomas Van Rensselaer, ever ready to obey the call of his country, borrowed bayonet and belt, musket and cartridge-box, and armed and equipped as the law directs, appeared at the appointed hour on the Battery.

In bearing and equipment he was as tall and as good looking a grenadier as one would wish to see, and he took his position accordingly in the front rank with his fellow-soldiers. There was a movement in the ranks, and the crowd around them—that just perceptible rustle, rather felt than seen, which denotes in an assembly that something unusual and interesting had happened—when he made his appearance. It was doubtless an involuntary acknowledgment of the honor which one exempt from the toils and the glories alike of military life, had done them by thus promptly signifying his willingness to share in their perils. But the captain, unmindful of the humanity of our just laws, and unwilling to impose upon the new recruit the duty of serving his country when there was little probability of his gaining the honor of a bullet or a bayonet through him, which under other circumstances she would be willing to bestow, beckoned him aside.

"Did you receive a warning to train?" asked the captain.

"Yes, Sir," replied Van Rensselaer, giving his name and residence.

"Ah! yes," said the other, "I remember. But there is some mistake."

"None at all, Sir; I have the notice in my pocket."

"Hem! yes. But you are not obliged to train."

"Oh! I know that, Sir; but I am a good citizen and am willing to serve the State in any capacity."

"Oh! no doubt, no doubt. But—but—the fact is, the laws do not oblige colored men to do military duty."

"Very true, Sir; but is there any law against it?"

"No—not e-x-a-c-t-l-y. But—"

"Very well, Sir, I choose to train. I have received your notice, and here I am, all ready for service. The law doesn't oblige me to train,—neither does it prohibit me. I prefer to do it."

"Yes, I see, I see. But I will excuse you."

"I don't want to be excused, Sir."

"Well, I had *rather* excuse you."

"You are very kind; but I hav'nt the slightest objection to training. It won't take us a great while, will it, Sir?"

"Oh! it will take us an hour or so."

"Well, Sir, I'll train. I can spare the time."

"But I don't want you to."

"But I had rather."

"Well, I *insist*—"

"That I must not?"

"Yes."

"You won't let me?"

"No."



So private Van Rensselaer having carried his point, of *being denied* the privilege of making a fool of himself according to statute, because he was colored, shouldered his musket, gave his unwilling commander a military salute, and marched off the field with the honors of war. The redoubtable captain relieved his bosom by a heavy sigh of his pent-up emotion, and as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, thanked God that he was delivered from the most dangerous foe that in all his military experience he had ever encountered.

[*Nat. Anti-Slavery Standard*

From the National Anti Slavery Standard.

### A TRUE STORY.

People are apt to say, "What have children to do with Slavery?" I think they have much to do with it; children are the great sufferers from Slavery; the precious days when free children are receiving instruction, are all lost to the children of slaves; when free children are treasuring up beautiful recollections, and great thoughts, and a fund of happiness that spreads itself over the whole of after-life, the little slave in its best estate is living like a little well-fed brute, happy, if it is allowed, like the brute, to grow up by the side of its mother. All children should know and think of these things, that they may do what they can for these poor little prisoners; and they may do much, if their hearts are engaged in the work. I heard a little anecdote the other day which showed how much a child can do for her parent, simply by expressing her native sense of justice and right to him.

Mrs. F. was relating to me some of her experiences while she and her husband had been lecturing in a town somewhere in the West, where the people had thought very little upon the subject of Slavery, but who seemed deeply interested as soon as it was fairly presented to them, as it was by their faithful words. She said that they were one evening at a party of friends who were desirous of hearing what they had to say upon the subject of Slavery, and that among others, a gentleman and his little daughter were there. A more than common affection existed between this child and her father. He sang beautifully, and his little daughter always accompanied him very sweetly, and it was a very pleasant thing to see them together. She had an uncommonly fine face, and when she looked up at her father, reverence and love spoke from every feature. His tenderness and devotion to her were equally striking.

Mrs. F. was much interested in this father, and his daughter. He was a practising lawyer in the town in which he lived. She had conversed much with him, and had plead the cause of justice and humanity, most earnestly with him, and, as we shall see, not without producing a deep impression. On this evening, after he and his daughter had been singing together, Mrs. F. called the little girl to her, and took her up in her lap.

"You are a very happy child," said she, "you and your father love one another very dearly, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," said the child, "that we do."

"And you love to be always with him, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she replied.

"It is, I believe, the will of the good God, that children should love their parents and live happily with them. What should you think of men who should take children away from their parents, and sell them for money to strangers, who may do what they will with them, and who carry them away where they will never know father or mother again, and where they are often treated with cruelty?"

"No one can be so wicked; no man would take children from their parents and sell them; it cannot be," exclaimed the child,—"it would be too cruel."

"But this is true," said Mrs. F. "There are such wicked men, and many men, who call themselves good, do this, and the law of this country allows it."

"But they are very wicked men, and the law is a wicked law," said the little girl; and she looked down thoughtfully, and as if she felt very sorrowful. At last she said, "My father would not sell a child, nor let anybody else do such a wickedness, if he knew it. But he never told me of this."

"But your father knows that these wicked things are done," said Mrs. F.; "and he has sworn to maintain and obey the laws that give men the power to commit these cruelties."

"My father!" exclaimed the little girl, with great indignation, "my father have anything to do with such wicked laws! he swear to support a law to sell children, and take them from their fathers! I don't believe it; my father would never do such a thing. I know it is not so."

"I think it is so, my dear," said Mrs. F. "and I think that he himself will not deny it."

The little girl darted away to her father, and standing up very erect before him, her face glowing from excitement—she said aloud to him: "Father *do* you help to support laws that give wicked men the right to take children away from their fathers and mothers, and sell them?"

There was a large company in the room, the child was unconscious of the presence of any one, and it was a moving sight to see her, as she stood up before her idolized father, waiting his reply: her face was flushed, her figure looked taller than usual, there was something in her tone of voice that repelled the thought of the possibility that he would plead guilty to the charge. She stood there evidently not as his accuser, but as the jealous vindicator of his honor.

Her father looked at her for a moment without speaking a word, and then with a firm but sorrowful tone, he replied, "I am afraid my child, I have done this thing."

The little girl made no answer. Her dilated form seemed to shrink again into the size of a child; her eyes, which were fixed on his face, were cast down upon the floor; she uttered no word, but she turned away from him. Suddenly the fine gold had become dim in her eyes, a cloud had come over her heaven, her young heart was very heavy.

Her father never forgot this moment, nor the gentle, but heart-piercing rebuke of her silence, of her averted face. He withdrew his promise of allegiance to laws which sanctioned and commanded crime, and so was reconciled to the angelic teacher in his child. Thenceforward he resolved to maintain himself and his family by some honest occupation, and he took for the motto of his moral life, "no compromise with sin," of his political, "no union with slaveholders."

E. L. F.

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Neither men, nor governments, have a right to sell those of their own species. Men and their liberties are neither purchaseable nor saleable.

He, who supports the system of slavery, is the enemy of the whole human race. He divides it into two societies of legal assassins; the oppressors and the oppressed. It is the same thing as proclaiming to the world, if you would preserve your life, instantly take away mine, for I want to have yours.

ABBE RAYNAL.

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### "WHAT'S THE USE?"

"What's the use of abusing the church? It is slavery that you pretend to hate. Why, then point your guns at something else?"

When my neighbor Wish-well asked me these questions, I thought he had not as much causality (as the phrenologists call common sense), as would enable him to "go in when it rains,"—"make hay when the sun shines," or "luff when it blows."

By way of reply, I asked *him* a few questions, as the least offensive way of communicating the requisite information.

"What's the difficulty?" I said, "in the way of abolishing slavery?" "Is it not that the whole nation pretend that it is not wrong to hold slaves?"

"Yes, that's the difficulty?"



"Who pretends to be the moral light of the world, the salt of the earth, the leaven that is to change its evil to good, the authority on all questions of right and wrong?"

"Why the church, to be sure?"

"And what does she decide to be right on the question of slavery? Does she not say that God ordained it; that man's circumstances require it; that the Bible justifies it; that the patriarchs practised it; that Christ allowed it; that it is better to continue it still longer than to abolish it? And does she not welcome slaveholders to her communion and excommunicate abolitionists?"

"Yes, it is true she does."

"What then remains for them to do, but to change her course, or destroy her character?"

[No answer.]

"Suppose they try the first alternative. How are they to change the opinions and conduct of her members. Is there any other way than to show that emancipation is right, good, safe; and that slavery is wrong, evil, unsafe? to point the true way, immediate repentance of the sin, and if the men will not walk in it, to blame them? Is it *abuse* to say of a slaveholding church that it is rich like Babylon of old, not in good deeds, but in slaves and the souls of men. 'Come out of her, lest ye be tormented with her plagues?' 'Woe unto them that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, evil for good, and good for evil?' It is *not* abuse, it is blame; and the church is to blame."

"Well, I can't bear to hear the church of the dear Redeemer, for which he shed his blood, blamed. It injures the cause of religion."

"And I cannot bear to have the lowest and most suffering portion of the community, whom Christ has chosen as his peculiar representatives, saying, 'inasmuch as ye do good or evil to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I cannot bear, I say, to have them bought and sold, and flogged, and branded, and denied the Bible and the best hopes of the life to come. It is as broad as it is long, 'and a little broader, I guess,' this way of yours of screening sin for the sake of religion. It is as broad as the road to destruction."

"Well I guess I love the cause of the poor bleeding slave as much as anybody; but I cannot bear to see the church divided; I only want to see her purified. I must go with the church of the dear Redeemer."

"What! right or wrong? I can't agree with you, neighbor Wishwell. If she will hold slaves, I must go with the dear Redeemer himself, his principles and his laws, against the church that calls herself his, while she outrages all these in the person of the slave. I am ready to brand the man as anti-christian and pro-slavery, who refuses to follow the truth of God, even though it lead him out of a corrupt church. Men may talk much and well about the poor bleeding slave; I only look to see in which scale their weight is felt, whether in his favor or his master's."

"If you, instead of *talking* about the poor bleeding slave, were feeling for those in bonds as bound with them, I should see *your* guns too, pointed against the church."

MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea was down to Bosting last week, and he see a cruetin' Sarjunt a struttin' round as pop'ler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin; and fisin' arter him like all nater, the sarjunt he thout hosea, hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kinder's though he'd jest com down, so he kalkalated to hook him in, but hosy wood 't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onder his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin' up and down on his shoulders and figureed onder his coat and troussis, let alone what nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

Wal, Hosea he cum home considerable riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn Him a thrashin' round like a short-tailed Bull in fli time, the old Woman ses she to me, ses she, Zekle, ses she, our hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther, ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin' pottery, ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busyneslike Da & martin, and shure enuf cum mornin Hosy he cum down stares full chizzle hare on eend and cote tales flyin' and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o'book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson was dreadful tickled with 'em as i hoop you wil Be, and said they wus True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kinder slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tech to the Rest on em, bein they wus very well As thay was, and then Hosy ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sutch feller, but I guess Hosea kinder didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 years cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kittin spryer 'n I be.

(but Hosea ses he's willin' to make his after david that he sed so.)

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosy's father is, cos mi ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus, ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kinder lad.

EZEKIL BIGELOW.

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle

On them kittle drums o' yourn,—

'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle

That is ketched with mouldy corn;

Put in stiff, you fifer feller,

Let folks see how spry you be,—

Guess you'll toot till you are yellor,

'Fore you git ahold o' me!

That ere flag's a leetle rotten,

Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—

Fact! it takes a sight of cotton

To stuff out a soger's chest;

Sence we farmers have to pay for't,

Ef ye must wear humps like these,

Sposin' you should try salt hay for't,

It would do as slick as grease.

'Twouldn't suit them southern fellers,

They're a dreadful graspin' set,

We must ollers blow the bellers

When they want their irons het;

May be it's all right as preachin',

But my narves it kind o' grates,

When I see the overreachin'

O' them nigger-driven States.

Them that rule us, them slave-traders,

Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,

(Helped by Yankee renegaders)

Through the vartu o' the North!

We begin to think it's nater

To take sarse and not be riled;—

Who'd expect to see a tater

All on eend at bein' biled?

As for war, I call it murder,

There you have it plain and flat;

I don't want to go no funder

Than my Testymt for that;

God has said so plump and fairly,

It's as long as it is broad,

And you've got to get up airly

Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts and feathers,

Make the thing a grain more right;

'Taint a follerin' your bell wethers

Will excuse ye in His sight,

Ef you take a sword and dror it,

And should stick a feller through,

Gov'ment aint to answer for it,

God 'll send the bill to you.

What's the use o' meetin'-goin'

Every Sabbath, wet or dry,

Ef it's right to go a mowin'

Fellow men like oats and rye?

I dunno but what it's pooty

Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—

But it's curus Christian dooty

To be cuttin' folks's throats.



They may talk of Freedom's airy  
Till they 're purple in the face,  
It's a grand great cemetary  
For the barth-rights of our race,  
They jest want this Californy  
So's to lug new slave-states in  
To abuse ye, and to scorn ye,  
And to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee  
Take such everlastin' pains,  
All to git the devil's thankee  
Helping on 'em weld their chains?  
Why, it's jest as clear as figgers,  
Clear as one and one make two,  
Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers  
Want to make white slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the end I've come to  
Arter cipherin plaguy smart,  
And it makes a handy sum, too,  
Any gump could larn by heart;  
Laborin' man and laborin' woman  
Have one glory and one shame,  
Everythin' that done inhuman  
Injers all on ye the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks  
You're agoin' to git your right,  
Nor by lookin' down on black folks  
Cos you're put upon by white;  
Slavery aint o' nary color,  
'Taint the hide that makes it wus,  
All it cares for in a feller  
Is to make him fill his puss.

Want to tackle *me* in, do ye?  
I expect you'll have to wait;  
When cold lead puts daylight through ye  
You'll begin to kalkylate;  
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'  
All the carkiss from your bones,  
Cos you helped to give a lickin'  
To them yoor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home and ask our Nancy,  
Whether I'd be such a goose  
As to jine ye—guess you'll fancy  
The eternal bung was loose!  
She wants me for home consumption,  
Let alone the hay's to mow—  
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption  
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that's crowin'  
Like a cockeral three months old—  
Don't ketch any on 'em goin'  
Though they *be* so blasted bold;

Aint they a prime set o' fellers?  
'Fore they think on't they will sprout,  
(Like a peach that's got the yallers)  
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'  
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,  
Help the men that's ollers dealin'  
Insults on your fathers' graves;  
Help the strong to grind the feeble,  
Help the many agin the few,  
Help the men that call your people,  
Whitewashed slaves and peddlin'  
crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,  
She's a kneelin' with the rest,  
She, that ought to ha' clung for ever  
In her grand old eagle-nest;  
She that oughter stand so fearless  
While the wracks are round her  
hurled,  
Holding up a beacon peerless  
To the oppressed of all the world!

Haint they sold your colored seamen?  
Haint they made your envoys whiz?  
What'll make ye act like freemen?  
What'll git your dander riz?  
Come, I'll tell ye what I'm thinkin'  
Is our dooty in this fix,  
They'd ha' done't as quick as winkin'  
In the days of Seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,  
Call all true men to disown  
The traducers of our people,  
The enslavers of their own;  
Let our dear old Bay State proudly  
Put the trumpet to her mouth,  
Let her ring this message loudly  
In the ears of all the South.

"I'll return ye good for evil  
Much as we frail mortals can,  
But I wun't go help the devil  
Makin' man the cus of man;  
Call me coward, call me traitor,  
Jest as suits your mean ideas,  
Here I stand a tyrant hater,  
And the friend of God and peace!"

If I'd *my* way I had ruther  
We should go to work and part—  
They take one way, we take t'other—  
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;  
Man had oughter put asunder  
Them that God has noways jined;  
And I shouldn't greatly wonder  
If there's thousands o' my mind.

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